

CHINESE CHRISTIAN GENERAL BEATEN IN 2-DAY BATTLE

Li Ching-Ling, Governor of Chihli, Whips His Army, but He Gets Reinforcements.

FIGHTING HALTED BY BITTER COLD

Plans Made to Send Diplomats Through Fighting Zone on Train With White Engine.

The Associated Press. LONDON, Dec. 19.—The forces of Gen. Feng Yu-shiang, "Christian" General of the National People's Army, are declared to have met with defeat at the hands of the troops of Gen. Li Ching-Ling, Civil Governor of the Province of Chihli, in a battle on the Yangtsun front. The losses in Feng's command are said to have been serious.

The battle started Thursday night when Feng opened with a heavy bombardment. Bitter cold weather compelled a halt in the fighting at midnight, but it was resumed Friday morning when Feng made an assault, but was repulsed with heavy loss.

A dispatch to the Daily Mail, sent from the Yangtsun front by way of Peking, says that reinforcements for Feng, with Russian rifles, Russian bayonets and quantities of Russian light artillery and machine guns, have arrived. It is the intention of Feng to use these reinforcements to get behind the Chihli forces and sever their communication with Shantung.

To the north, in the Mukden sector, it is reported that a final battle is in prospect between troops of the national army and those of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian War Lord, and though his forces are declared to be well equipped, it is asserted that they are "lacking the will to fight."

In Southern China, great efforts are being made by Chinese students for an anti-Christian campaign during Christmas week. Meetings are being held by the students and publications describing Christianity as "the instrument of imperialistic encroachments" are being disseminated.

Missionaries throughout China are asserted to be deeply concerned over the movement.

Diplomats to Travel on Train With White Engine.

PEKIN, Dec. 18.—An eleven-hour hitch in the agreement between the foreign diplomats and the Chinese belligerents caused a postponement today in the departure of the international train for Tientsin.

The locomotive has been painted white and other distinguishing marks have been provided which will leave no doubt as to the identity of the train when it starts through the zone where the forces of Feng Yu-shiang are at grips with those of Li Ching-Ling, the Chihli Governor.

Guarantees have been given against anyone on the train carrying military information, and passage will be limited to those traveling in an official capacity. Nearly two weeks have elapsed since the last train passed through to the coast, and the protocol has been made vigorous protest to the Peking Government, against this interruption of communication in violation of the Boxer protocols.

Representatives have, when informed of the special committee action, said: "Impediment will follow. If the Judiciary Committee doesn't recommend impeachment, I will impeach Judge English from the floor of the House."

In January, when the Post-Dispatch exclusively published that Judge English's conduct was under investigation by the Department of Justice, Thomas resigned as referee in bankruptcy. After the

Dramatic Scene in Court When 24 Men Were Found Guilty in Jack Daniel Case

Continued from Page One.

The convicted men last night the dire situation which they now stand in. In fact, the Judge's action in deferring sentence until Dec. 20 inclined many lawyers to believe that he had permitted their clients to spend Christmas at home knowing that they would be absent on New Year.

Defense counsel are unanimous in the opinion that the most promising ground for a reversal lies in the issue of jurisdiction. Obviously, most of the overt acts in the conspiracy occurred in St. Louis, and the first indictments were returned there. Subsequently, indictments and additional indictments were returned here. The legal ground for this was that over 24 men, consisting of the liquor, the transportation of the pump with which the warehouse was "milked" and transportation of the money with which the whiskey was bought took place across Indiana.

Hope for Reversal. Actually, the Government's reason for wanting the trial held here was its desire to escape from the political influences which it feared some of the defendants might be able to exercise in St. Louis and its further desire to get the case out of "wet" territory into "dry" territory. That isn't what the Government told the grand jury, but that is the fact. Defense attorneys think they have a chance to reverse the case on that ground.

All the St. Louis and St. Louis County defendants appeared for home last night, as did most of the Cincinnati men. Two are in jail here, John Marcus, because he is held for murder, and Ben Doncaster, because he couldn't raise a \$10,000 bond.

None of the convicted men would make a statement. "Not a word—I should say not," exclaimed Nat Goldstein, when asked if he desired to comment. "Hell, no," was Tony Foley's reply.

"You heard what the jury said, didn't you," Michael J. Whalen grunted.

Arnold J. Hellmich turned his back and walked away.

Senator Kinney seemed gloomy at first, but when told that the jury had once stood 9 to 3 for his acquittal, and had spent most of the time in the jury room debating whether or not he seemed surprisingly happy.

"That makes me feel a whole lot better," he remarked. "I'd hate to think that all those men were thinking to convict me on that testimony."

The announcement of the verdict and the shock occasioned by its sweeping character, conspired to produce a moment of compelling drama.

Lawyer arguments for the defense and District Attorney Ward's closing speech for the Government had consumed the morning. At 12:30 p. m. Judge Baltzell began his charge to the jury.

The instructions consisted almost entirely of a scholarly exposition of the crime of conspiracy and of the character of evidence necessary to warrant conviction. Then, without warning, he made a sudden crushing attack. It concluded with the terse opinion that a conspiracy had been shown to exist "and that many, if not all, of the defendants were parties to that conspiracy."

Such an expression of opinion is one of the most drastic "powers" possessed by a Federal Judge, and its exercise in this case came with crushing effect. Not many of the defendants' counsel could hold out hope prior to this, and now they were virtually abandoned most of the defendants as lost. It was still believed, however, that Senator Kinney, William Lucking, George Landan, of Cincinnati, and Thomas McCafferty stood a good chance of acquittal and that Mrs. Gehrum would escape with a fine.

However, when the jury, after going to lunch, retired to deliberate at 2 o'clock and was shut out at 4 o'clock, became anxious and, there was much anxious

LIST OF DEFENDANTS CONVICTED AND FREED IN JACK DANIEL CASE

FOLLOWING is a list of those convicted and acquitted under the Jack Daniel whiskey "milkling" conspiracy. The St. Louis defendants convicted were:

Nat Goldstein, former Circuit Clerk.
Arnold J. Hellmich, former United States Collector of Internal Revenue.
Michael Kinney, State Senator.

Michael J. Whalen, Democratic City Committeeman.
Tony Foley, ex-convict and St. Louis County gambler.
William J. Kinney, brother of Senator Kinney, former Deputy under Hellmich and gauger at the Jack Daniel warehouse when the whiskey was removed.

John P. Connor, Foley's partner in gambling establishments.
Robert E. Walker, former Deputy Sheriff.
Edward J. O'Hare, lawyer.

Morris Multin, former whiskey dealer.
Isadore Multin, brother of Morris.
Sidney Multin, brother of Morris and Isadore.

Harry Levin, former Deputy Constable.
Daniel O'Neil, former Deputy Constable.
Richard P. Fitzgerald, former deputy under Hellmich.

Thomas P. McCafferty, former policeman, associated purchaser of Jack Daniel Co.
Others convicted were: John Marcus of Toledo, former convict and run-runner.
Ben Doncaster of Cincinnati, run-runner, under previous 18 months' penitentiary sentence.

Don H. Robinson of Cincinnati, head of the syndicate which purchased the Jack Daniel Co. from Lem Motlow and others.
Edward Melinger of Cincinnati, agent of George Remus, bootlegger.

George R. Landan, Cincinnati bootlegger and run-runner.
Henry Stratton, Cincinnati bootlegger and run-runner.
Charles Lucking, Cincinnati capitalist.

Acquitted.
John Gehrum, former owner of "Death Valley" farm near Cincinnati.
Mrs. Ada Gehrum, wife of John.

August Walter, Cincinnati baker and bootlegger.
Clifford Sampson, Cincinnati run-runner.
Bernard Brink, Cincinnati run-runner.

talk about a hung jury. This period of waiting was an agonizing one for many. Mrs. John Marcus, mother of two small children whose husband is under a two-year sentence in the State court here, and Charles, a mother-in-law, were standing in the corridor to smoke cigarettes. His face was grim as he walked down the corridor, his face appealingly picture of despair.

Morris Multin walked steadily from one end of the corridor to another, his chin was sunk on his chest, his hands clasped behind his back. Down to the end and back, down and back, he must have walked miles during those two hours and 35 minutes.

Arnold Hellmich had been a pitiable figure from the start, sunk low in his chair, listening to the evidence with closed eyes, or standing in the corridor to smoke cigarettes. His face was grim as he walked down the corridor, his face appealingly picture of despair.

Nat Goldstein chewed a cigar and paced slowly back and forth in the hall. Tony Foley, John Connor and Robert Walker conferred endlessly with a closed circle of their intimates. Mike Whalen was grim and had been since first he cast his eyes on the jury.

But in whatever circumstance they found themselves, the Kinneys were still Irish. The Senator's winning smile and soft voice were in evidence, and "Willie" maintained a good face.

A Grim Jury. The moment that would never come came at last, at 4:36, when the bailiff called the jury into the courtroom, and out into the corridor inquiring if all the members of defense counsel were present and advising them to take their places. There was a rush from the corridor, a hurrying for seats and a moment later the Judge ascended the bench.

The jury filed in. The change which had come over their faces was unmistakable. For the first time they had been impassive. Now they were as grim as grim death itself. The foreman, Edward Jewett, was very pale. Two or three others frowned ominously at the bench. For the first time they looked as if they had just witnessed something very shocking, or had passed through a harrowing experience.

The jury did not rest on the spectators and one of the defense lawyers groaned slightly. A deathly hush had come over the courtroom. No undertones were audible, only a faint whispering. It was the jury's verdict.

Nothing but a rustle of clothing and that soft whispering. People in their seats were tense as if afraid to move. It was an eerie moment.

A judge said not a word. Forerunner Jewett said nothing. It was seen that he had two folded papers in his hand. The clerk went over and got them, took his place at the side of the bench, unfolded one of the papers and began to read.

"We, the jury, find Nathan Goldstein," and then on and on interminably, other names, familiar names, until it seemed he must have read the entire list of the defendants and finally the concluding word—"guilty."

Long before he finished, however, the courtroom was aware of what that final word would be and that the verdict was in. Some of the names had plainly indicated what the word would be. After the names, "Edward Melinger, John Marcus, Ben Doncaster, there could be no word but 'guilty.' They had been beyond hope since the first day.

"We, the jury, find John Gehrum, August Walter, and Ada Gehrum not guilty," read the clerk from the other end of the bench.

Court Thanks Jurors. There was a scramble away from the press table and the Judge turned to the jury. In an ordinary courtroom voice and manner he inquired whether the members of the regular panel and which wanted to get home, concluding at length: "You gentlemen have performed a great service to the Government and considerable cost to yourselves. I want you to know that the Government appreciates it." Then they filed out.

Two points in the courtroom attracted attention. One was the stricken countenance of Hellmich, the other was the ecstatic grin on the German physiognomy of Walter. He was ready to shout.

The lawyers gathered around the Judge's bench to beg for deferred sentences, and to discuss the question of the adequacy of bonds. The defendants stood behind them, a solemn gathering—former public officials, gamblers and ex-convicts.

The celebrated Jack Daniel trial was ended.

St. Louis Defendants Return Decline to Make Comment. Nearly all of the St. Louis defendants declined to make comment on this morning and none would talk about the case to reporters. All refused to comment on any phase of the trial and the manner in which they did this indicated they were following the advice of their counsel.

FERGUSON-MCKINNEY GOODS TO BE SOLD FOR \$147,890
Court Authorizes Receiver to Accept Offer—\$100,000 in Merchandise Sold Previously.

Approval of the sale of the merchandise of the Ferguson-McKinney Dry Goods Co. to the George Menagh & Sons Co. of Omaha, Neb., and the H. Schaap & Sons Co., New York, for \$147,890.20, was given by Federal Judge Paris today.

In his application for approval, Eugene H. Angert, the receiver, stated the appraisal, made by six employees of the Rice-Six Dry Goods Co. and the Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co., was \$125,516.17, and that in negotiations with various firms the joint offer of the Menagh and Schaap concerns was the best received. He said he did not believe a better price could be obtained at public sale.

Judge Paris said he believed the offer was the best obtainable.

Receiver Angert is taking charge of the business, has sold about \$40,000 worth of merchandise through regular channels, so that the total amount realized from the liquidation will be about \$190,000.

Angert, in his inventory, filed Wednesday, estimated that the creditors would receive 25 to 30 cents on the dollar.

LOONEY, ON STAND, DENIES HE KILLED SALOONKEEPER

Sobbing During Testimony, He Declares Accusations About Protection of Vice Resorts Are False.

NEVER SOLD ANY LIQUOR, HE STATES

He Describes Deal for Rock Island Newspaper and Tells of His Career as an Attorney.

By the Associated Press. GALESBURG, Ill., Dec. 19.—John Looney, on trial here for the murder of William Gabel, Rock Island saloon keeper, took the stand in his own defense shortly after opening of the afternoon session today and denied the killing, which occurred on the night of July 31, 1922.

Looney, on taking the stand, said he went to Rock Island 20 years ago. He was admitted to the bar in Illinois when 23 years old and in 1912 moved to Rock Island. Daily News in 1912 for my brother, I sold the plant of the daily and published the weekly in a garage near my home.

In response to questioning as to the time he spent in Rock Island, Looney said when he first went to New Mexico, until 1924, he said he had been there very little.

He said he knew Gabel slightly, but had never talked to him. He went to Rock Island for the Grotto convention on June 24.

"In the afternoon of July 31, I was in the office of a doctor and later I was in the United States Commissioner's office in Davenport," Looney said, "where I saw the other—Anthony Foley, Robert H. Walker, John Connor, Morris Multin, Isadore Multin, Sidney Multin, Richard Fitzgerald and Thomas McCafferty. Several of the jurors said they felt that the Government's case had been weak without the testimony of Remus. Defense attorneys had urged the jury to discredit everything that Remus said.

The jurors said they discussed this. They concluded that the outstanding facts of Remus' testimony had been corroborated by other witnesses, documents and circumstances. Moreover, they said that they had noted a reluctance on the part of several Government witnesses to testify and concluded

police station in Rock Island from 1912 until 1922, unless he had a case to look after while acting as an attorney. In 1921 and 1922, he said, he was there six or eight times. Looney testified that his statement in the police station that "they all carried guns" was made in September, 1922, when he had gone to the station. In talking there, he said, he was afraid of the man who carried a rifle or shotgun in his car for his protection.

When asked to examine canceled checks, he said one dated June 2, 1922, for \$115, was for debt, and a second, for \$200, March 23, 1921, for \$75, was for rent for a farm. Looney flatly denied that he had ever sold any liquor and also denied all testimony that liquor had been delivered at his place or that he had ever delivered any.

In St. Louis in 1921, Looney identified letters showing that he was in Colorado and New Mexico in 1919 and 1920. He also identified a series of checks written in St. Paul, 1919, at Grand Junction, N. M., and in October at Reno, Nev. He identified a contract which he made in Phoenix, Ariz., on Nov. 4, 1919, and checks written in St. Louis on Nov. 21.

When he left Phoenix, Looney said, he went to his ranch in New Mexico, and from there to St. Louis.

Looney identified a letter dated Dec. 2, 1921, sent to him at Chicago, N. M.

INTRUDERS MISS PAYROLL, BUT SPOIL MAN'S VISIT
Friend of Vinegar Company President Has Hard Time Convincing Men of His Identity.

Henry Epstein, a friend of Ervin Kauffman, head of the F. A. Kauffman Co., vinegar dealers, at 106 South Second street, had a difficult time convincing two armed men who were seeking the Kauffman payroll, that he was not "them," watching the payroll while Kauffman was out, at noon today. Kauffman returned with the payroll a few minutes after the intruders had left.

No sooner had Kauffman left to go to the bank for the money than a couple stood at the front door and two men alighted. Threatening Epstein, they ordered him to open the safe, which he believed to contain the payroll. Epstein protested that he was not employed there, and with some argument the men left after cutting the telephone wire.

Jury Once Stood 9 to 3 To Free Senator Kinney

Continued from Page One.

guilty. They said that they had peddled some of the Jack Daniel whiskey for Walter. When Walter took the stand, he declared that he had had a quarrel with the Sampson brothers and that they were trying to avenge themselves. The jury accepted Walter's story. He was acquitted on the first ballot.

One juror said, in response to a question, that the failure of Arnold Hellmich and other defendants, to take the stand did not influence the jury in reaching its verdict.

John Gehrum of Cincinnati, who served with George Remus in Atlanta penitentiary for a liquor violation, was next. The jury stood 3 to 3 for conviction and he was passed for the minute to take up the case of his wife, Anna Gehrum.

"I don't want to take that woman from her four children," one juror said, and the jury immediately acquitted her.

The Gehrums were alleged to have bought a quantity of Jack Daniel whiskey from George Remus, director of the conspiracy who turned Government evidence, Remus so testified. The Gehrums took the stand and denied this. The jury then stood 9 to 3 for conviction of Remus with respect to all other defendants except these. It seemed a sense of vindictiveness and personal animosity on the part of Remus for returning to John Gehrum, they then acquitted him. Gehrum now is employed as chauffeur by Remus' estranged wife.

George R. Landan and William Lucking, partners with Remus in a Cincinnati distillery, were placed on the stand. They were alleged to have furnished \$50,000 of the purchase price of the Jack Daniel distillery as a loan to Remus. The first ballot was 11 to 2 for conviction, the next the same and the third unanimous.

The jurors here returned to a consideration of Senator Kinney, one man pleading the insufficiency of the evidence as to him through the jury's verdict. But Kinney lost ground, the last ballot before conviction being 7 to 5 for conviction.

Their View of Remus. The jurors said that it had appeared plain to them that the St. Louis crowd was "in up to their necks" and they widely convicted the others—Anthony Foley, Robert H. Walker, John Connor, Morris Multin, Isadore Multin, Sidney Multin, Richard Fitzgerald and Thomas McCafferty. Several of the jurors said they felt that the Government's case had been weak without the testimony of Remus. Defense attorneys had urged the jury to discredit everything that Remus said.

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from this reluctance that the witnesses could have told even more to strengthen the case against many of the more important defendants had they desired.

One juror said: "We couldn't get away from the fact that the whiskey was gone and, in face of the testimony there was little doubt among us that the Government had got the right men."

Another said that the jury felt resignation to the statement during argument of one St. Louis attorney that he would not permit "leading citizens of St. Louis to be slaughtered by an Indiana jury."

The District Attorney asked upon this statement and declared to the jurors that there was to be no slaughtering but faithful performance of a solemn duty.

U. S. Case Accepted. The complete case which the jury accepted the Government's assertion of guilt indicated by the conviction of a man whose name was mentioned in the evidence but once—Thomas McCafferty of St. Louis, a former policeman. McCafferty's name appeared for a very brief time upon the stock record of the syndicate formed to buy the distillery.

It was commented upon also that John Connors was convicted upon proof his identification as financially interested, but not actively managing the Walker-Heim Post Office Co., where a quantity of the liquor was stored. His brother, M. J. Connors, now deceased, was mentioned several times. Tony Foley's name did not enter the case until near its close. Remus testified that some of the liquor was taken to "Foley's place" in St. Louis County. The jury then stood 9 to 3 for conviction of Remus with respect to all other defendants except these. It seemed a sense of vindictiveness and personal animosity on the part of Remus for returning to John Gehrum, they then acquitted him. Gehrum now is employed as chauffeur by Remus' estranged wife.

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COURT RESERVATION OFFERED BY

Idaho Senator Confirms Senate Debate Tribunal Tied to Legislature.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—World Court drew both sides and defensive fire in the Senate today.

Taking up the gauge was thrown down by Senator Charles McNary, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who vigorously disputed the Senate's action in passing the bill.

That the court was not a tribunal tied to the Legislature of Idaho, McNary offered reservations which would be necessary to safeguard Idahoan interests.

Reservations. These reservations were in addition to the five which the McNary resolution of McNary and would provide:

That the court could perform functions except those provided in the statute creating it until the statute is amended by the consent of the signatory states.

That no force or compulsion could at any time be played to enforce the decision of the court.

That nothing in the statute should be construed as requiring the United States to depart from its national policy of non-interference with European alliances with European states to relinquish its traditional attitude toward purely American nations.

The second day's debate on court issue was opened by Senator Lenroot (Rep.) of Wisconsin who declared that instead of the League of Nations, the United States should have a court of its own.

Both he and Senator Walsh of California, who seconded the McNary resolution, declared that the United States should have a court of its own.

They argued that by signing the League of Nations, the United States had accepted a court of its own.

Says It Is Tied to League. Declaring that 21 states of the court statute, McNary said that the court was tied to the League of Nations, and that the United States should have a court of its own.

Adverting to a point raised by Senator Lenroot, that both McNary and Walsh had declared for admission to the court protocol, the Idaho senator expressed the opinion that the court would cast their votes on the basis of their own country's interests.

"If a man could be seen in the proposition, detrimental to his country," Senator Walsh said, "and would still vote for it, his party platform would be the most serious crime of the United States Senate."

Today that warrants will be held against Smithinger pending information from the Missouri Penitentiary.

Smithinger, according to police, was seen at St. Louis Feb. 4, 1919, at the murder of Frederick J. Barker, a member of the St. Louis crime syndicate and Refrigerator Co. who was killed in a shooting at the corner of Third and Olive streets.

COURT RESERVATIONS OFFERED BY BORAH

Idaho Senator Contends Senate Debate Tribunal Tied to League.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The World Court drew both offensive and defensive fire in the Senate today.

Taking up the charge of the League of Nations, the Senate today voted to reserve its position on the League of Nations, and to offer reservations which would be necessary to safeguard American interests.

Borah's Reservations. These reservations were, in addition to the five contained in the Senate resolution of ratification, and would provide:

That the court could perform functions except those provided in the statute creating it unless the statute is amended by unanimous consent of the Senate.

That no force or economic sanction could at any time be employed to enforce the decrees of the court.

That nothing in the statute could be construed as requiring the United States to depart from the traditional policy of non-entanglement with European states, or to relinquish its traditional attitude toward purely American questions.

The second day's debate on the League of Nations was opened by Senator Borah (Rep.) of Wisconsin, who declared that instead of being a creature of the League, it was a creature of the United States.

Both he and Senator Walsh, who followed Borah, contended that the United States should not be bound by the League of Nations, and that the only obligation it was assuming would be that of contributing to the expenses of the League.

They argued that by adhering to the United States could gain nothing, and would contribute nothing, except as it was interested in the League of Nations.

Says It Is Tied to League. Declaring that 22 sections of the court statute tie it to the League of Nations, Borah contended that the court had sought to create an "organ, a legal part of the League," and if the court is a part of the League, it is bound by the League's decisions.

The court is just as much bound by the decisions of the League, as the United States is bound by the decisions of the League, Borah contended.

Adverting to a point advanced by Senator Borah, that the League of Nations is bound by the decisions of the League, Borah contended that the League of Nations is bound by the decisions of the League.

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Rescued Four at Fire



—Leo J. Arts Photo.

13 PERSONS HURT IN NIGHT FIRE AT DOWNTOWN HOTEL

Continued from Page One.

laid out. He is youthful and athletic in build.

"I made three trips upstairs," he said, "breaking doors open and calling to guests. The first time, on the second floor, I carried some one down; I don't know whether it was a man or a woman. The smoke was fierce, so I couldn't see clearly. Then I got someone else from the third floor. By the third trip, the smoke and flames were worse and the fire spread on the fourth floor.

"That time I found a man unconscious in a fourth floor room. As I started out with him he came to and said he wouldn't leave without his wife. She was screaming in the room. I picked her up, too, some one, and got them down the stairs. The next I knew I collapsed in the Laclede Hotel lobby."

Fire Capt. William O'Connell, acting district chief, and Lieut. Hugh Lyon of the Fire Department, entered the hotel through the rear and fought their way up the stairs to the fourth floor, where they had to turn to the fire escape to proceed further.

Searching the sixth floor they found a woman and four men, whom they carried to safety down the stairs. The captain had seen one of the men in a window previously. In order to make sure one locked room was unoccupied, Lieut. Lyon walked along a narrow outside ledge and peered in the window.

A woman and two men were carried down a ladder from windows of the fourth floor by Joseph Ellsbrecht, driver of No. 13 truck. A man and his wife were among those. They were in night clothes and Ellsbrecht paused long enough for them to put on clothing.

Four men were led to the fire escape on the fourth floor by Capt. William Durney and William Harrington of Engine Company No. 41. The men were taken to the hospital.

Patrolmen Richards, Williams, Lancken and Belrose led others to safety from lower floors. Belrose happened to be in the neighborhood of duty.

Experiences of Guests. Miss Babcock was one of those on the sixth floor. She noticed smoke when reading, then saw the hall was filled with smoke. She started to grope her way out and some one, a man, she thought, aided her.

Parmentier, who was preparing for bed on the sixth floor, heard his telephone ring, but no answer. He noticed smoke and ran to the fourth floor. There he was nearly overcome. He returned to the sixth floor and encountered a woman in a room. The woman called through a window for help but was unheeded. Then they went to the second floor together but could get no further, so they returned to the sixth floor. Parmentier recalled how to reach the fire escape.

Miss Babcock and O'Donnell, Parmentier, Brennan, Deal and Applebaum remained at City Hospital today. Deal and Applebaum were unable to be interviewed.

Preston, who was aroused by the fire, threw \$121 and his keys behind the radiator in his room, No. 301. When he escaped, scantily clad, he recalled the money, and the keys, was found at 7:45 o'clock last evening in a vacant lot at 711 O'Fallon street, shot through the left breast. He died before reaching City Hospital No. 2, but had told police his wife, Ethel, had shot him.

Ethel was arrested at the home of her mother, 1220 North Eighth street and she admitted the shooting. She said her husband had been beating her and when he tried to force her to return and live with him she fired one shot. He staggered out the door of the eighth street house and that was the last she saw of him.

The Garrick Theater nearby was not interrupted, but stage spotlights were taken out to give the firemen illumination.

ERIE RAILROAD AND FORMER DRY AGENTS INDICTED

True Bill Against Road Is Based on Operations of Chicago Beer Syndicate.

By the Associated Press. CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—New indictments have been returned by the Federal grand jury against Maj. Percy Owen, former prohibition director of Illinois, and eight others charged with conspiracy to violate prohibition in the handling of wine while Owen held office here.

The grand jury also indicted yesterday the Erie Railroad Co. and 10 men, including a suburban Police Chief and railroad express and truck employees, charged with conspiracy to violate the prohibition law.

This indictment marked the second phase of the beer syndicate investigation in which some time ago the Boston & Maine Railroad, a brewery and 23 individuals were indicted. Government agents have charged that the beer syndicate did a business of nearly \$1,000,000 a month.

The indictment naming Owens also named Ralph W. Stone, a former prohibition director; Albert E. Bennett, and Bernard R. Rums, former prohibition agents; former State Senator George R. Bruce; Harry E. Schuler, Louis Abelson, Louis Gibbard, and Morris Zimbro, the latter four wine dealers and salesmen.

40 Overt Acts. The new Owen indictment charges 40 overt acts alleged to have been committed by those charged with conspiracy. Various transactions in wine, including sales of thousands of gallons were alleged. Owen was charged with receiving \$50,000 from Schuler.

Former Senator Bruce was charged with receiving \$7800 from Morris Sevin, and Stone was accused of receiving \$1800 from the same man. Bennett and Rums are alleged to have conspired in connection with the Municipal Lodging House. Here the cases will be treated individually, work or aid being given, as indicated, or the person sent to an institution.

License Collector Chas. DuBenoist, who is charged with using the mails to defraud in various schemes.

W. H. Niederluecke Jr., 30, and August P. Niederluecke, 28, brothers, are charged in an indictment with violation of the Dyer Act. They are sons of W. H. Niederluecke, vice president of the Jefferson Bank.

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CITY NIMROD MISTAKES MAN UP A TREE FOR WILD TURKEY

Farmer in Blind Imitating Gobbler's Call Peppered With Bird-shot Near Salem, Mo. Special to the Post-Dispatch. SALEM, Mo., Dec. 19.—Jesse Talley, a farmer living near Silgo, Dent County, was mistaken for a wild turkey gobbler last week. A charge of shot from the gun of an unidentified St. Louis hunter peppered him on the head and chest. The wounds were superficial and he is now resting comfortably at his home.

He had been in the top of a fallen tree, which he used as a blind, and was "calling" a flock of wild turkeys which he had scattered the night before. It chanced that the hunter, who was a companion, also crept out after the same turkeys. The man who shot Talley was concealed in a shock of corn. Talley had taken off his hat and a tuft of his gray hair showed through the branches of the corn. This, together with the fact that he was reproducing, realistically, the call of the wild turkey, made him look to the inexperienced city hunter just like a wild turkey gobbler.

The two men from St. Louis hurried to Talley's aid when they discovered the mistake and hurried him to Salem, where a doctor dressed his wounds. They did not leave their names. During their hunt for turkeys they had stayed at the home of Lin Ellis, one of Talley's neighbors.

The indictment was one of 38 reported by the Federal grand jury yesterday. The other bills for the new law involved persons charged with use of the mails in schemes to defraud.

Other defendants with Nations in the Federal Corporation case are Christian W. Beck, president; Edward J. Barrett, general manager; John H. Beck, a director and brother of the president; Eugene H. Paulus, director, and David Beckett, director.

William E. Rutledge, 55-year-old former Baptist minister, a reformer in East St. Louis years ago, was indicted on a charge of mailing "false and fraudulent literature" about the Economy Oil Co. formed by him. He is said to have sold \$250,000 of its authorized capital stock of \$5,000,000, mostly to readers of the "World's Fair Magazine."

Henry H. Walker, 42, of Youngstown, O., Zeno McMillen, Miss Catherine Sumner, 25, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner Hommelster, 24, all of Louisville, were indicted for mailing "false and fraudulent literature" about the Economy Oil Co. formed by him. He is said to have sold \$250,000 of its authorized capital stock of \$5,000,000, mostly to readers of the "World's Fair Magazine."

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GUS NATIONS IS REINDICTED IN MAIL FRAUD CASE

Federal Grand Jury Also Returns True Bills Against Five Associates in Home Building Concern.

Gus O. Nations, former chief Federal prohibition agent here, was indicted with five other officers and directors of the Federal Home Building Corporation for a second time yesterday on charges of conspiracy to use the mails to defraud.

The previous indictment against Nations and his associates was quashed Nov. 9 by Federal Judge Davis after a hearing in which counsel for the accused attacked the indictment as vague and indefinite.

The indictment was one of 38 reported by the Federal grand jury yesterday. The other bills for the new law involved persons charged with use of the mails in schemes to defraud.

Other defendants with Nations in the Federal Corporation case are Christian W. Beck, president; Edward J. Barrett, general manager; John H. Beck, a director and brother of the president; Eugene H. Paulus, director, and David Beckett, director.

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Washington U. Changes Piker Into a Bear

New Nickname for Mascot Voted by Students After Lively Discussion—Eagle Is the Second Choice.

A rare biological feat was performed by Washington University students in Graham Memorial Chapel yesterday. They turned that mythical creature, the Piker, symbolic of their institution, into a Bear, merely by waving yellow balloons.

The Bear will take its place in the animal family of Missouri Valley Conference schools. It will oppose the Missouri U. Tiger, the Kansas U. Jayhawk and the Drake U. Drake.

Discussion about a new nickname of a mascot, and not the substitution of a new nickname, take the place of Pikers.

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MITCHELL CASE GETS ON FLOOR OF HOUSE

Tillman Charges Court Was Organized to "Get Colonel" and Verdict Is Insult.

By the Associated Press. WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The Mitchell court martial case got on the floor of the House for the first time today when Representative Tillman (Dem.) of Arkansas charged that the court was organized to "get the Colonel," and that its verdict "insults free America."

"I call upon the granite-faced and granite-souled President of this justice-loving nation," he said, "to mitigate or quash this harsh sentence."

The court's edict suspending the air officer from rank and pay for five years, because of his attack on Government aviation policies, Tillman continued, was "shameless," "unusual and cruel."

"They sought to affix a gag," he said, "and at the same time impoverish him and his family. It seems that in this trial the usual military procedure was not allowed to take its ordinary course."

While Tillman was speaking Representative Black (Dem.) of New York, introduced a resolution seeking to place Congress on record as favoring retention of rank for Col. Mitchell. The resolution would allow the court martial to stand, Congress no longer would be able to obtain necessary military information from army officers, because they would be afraid of bringing disgrace upon themselves.

Further Reaction Expected. The verdict has been followed by rumbles of reaction from Capitol Hill to the White House.

The only certainty of the situation today was that Col. Mitchell would continue his fight for a greater air force and that the record of his court martial was being prepared for submission to the board of review in the Judge-Advocate-General's office. It is the first step of the record's journey to the White House.

Two resolutions dealing with the case, one raising the question of assistance, were introduced in the House yesterday.

Mitchell Is Silent. The Colonel himself is remaining silent.

At the War Department some law officers are of the opinion that military courts have no right to deprive a soldier of pay and allowances for five years and still keep him under army jurisdiction and unable to accept duties of employment without permission. They point out that forfeiture of pay and allowances in this case equals a \$50,000 fine.

"Complications are added by the retirement regulations of the army and the prospect that the Colonel will seek to resign. In two and a half years Mitchell would have completed the 30 years of service which entitle him to retirement if desired."



Speed and Security
Like West with East
to New York
The only 24 hour service from St. Louis and most luxuriously equipped all-Pullman train in the world is
The "American"

Leaves St. Louis daily at 8:58 am. via Pennsylvania Railroad. Also has thru service to Baltimore and Washington—with no extra fare.

THE NEW OBSERVATION CARS have many original and novel features including a woman's lounge room, with bath adjoining, and a private office for business men who wish to dictate to the stenographer. Passengers may telephone from the train in St. Louis and New York. Stock quotations posted enroute. The latest magazines and newspapers are provided. Rooms in observation cars have shoe boxes which open into passageway so porter may get shoes without disturbing passengers. Many other travel conveniences.

THE NEW CLUB CARS are more spacious, with wider and higher ceilings. A barber shop, bath room, buffet and library are included. A valet is always on duty.

THE NEW SLEEPING CARS have permanent headboards which give semi-privacy to passengers in daytime. Also large dressing rooms for women with vanity tables and chairs. Ladies' maid and manicurist in attendance.

THE DINING CARS are attractively equipped. The excellent meals are splendidly served.

When you go East, enjoy this magnificent equipment. Reservations and tickets for any of the six line trains from St. Louis to New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad may be obtained at ticket office, 316 N. Broadway and Union Station.

P. H. Hart, District Passenger Representative
331 Madison's Bank Bldg. (Phone Main 1200) St. Louis.

ACOCK CAFE

207 North 6th St.
Chinese and American dishes, 50c
SUNDAY DINNER
Chinese and American dishes, \$1.25
Best and good service in all ways
Booths for Ladies and Gentlemen
Orchestra, dancing every evening, from
M. to 8 P. M., and 10:30 P. M. to
M.

100

There may be a newer school of big butter and eggs, but to fit the prevailing idea of that specimen of the alleged genus homo. But we're for Billy, the real, undiluted, candied article.

Joe Reed

THE LOCAL CHINESE WALL

.....
: Man Who Lives Without Air Joins :
: Men Who Live Without Food. :
.....
* * *

SIR OLIVER LODGE says that with the formation of nebulae 100,000,000 years ago. We doubt quote such an eminent authority.

...the field is broader and ...
...the history of a group of
... "Main Street" was such a
... and "The Able McLaugh-

ATHLEEN NORRIS' latest novel, "Little Ships" (Doubleday-Page), does not follow the fortunes of a hero or heroine, but a study in character and a social novel. It is a social novel, where the field is broader and wider, the history of a group of people, "Main Street" is a novel, and "The Able McLeach"

Saturday Book Page of the Post-Dispatch

Paine's "Joan of Arc, Maid of France"

REVIEWED BY ROBERTUS LOVE

JUST 500 years ago little Jeanne d'Arc, at Domremy, began to hear the Voices calling upon her to go forth and redeem France. According to tradition which may be said to bear the authentic seal of history, it was in the late summer or early autumn of the year 1412 that the child, then 13 years old, first heard the Voices. Now, late in this year 1925, has been published what may be described as the definitive biography of the marvelous girl, Albin Paine's "Joan of Arc, Maid of France" (Macmillan). Many books have been written about Joan, but surely this one is the most intimate and informing. It is the documented personal history of the Maid and a thoroughly explanatory chronicle of the events which made her the most extraordinary person who has lived upon the earth.

About three-quarters of a century ago a boy living in a Mississippi River town in Missouri picked up a wind-blown scrap of print. This Hannibal lad, who was to become known and loved throughout the world as Mark Twain, got from that scrap of paper his first introduction to Joan of Arc. Many years later he wrote "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," his own favorite of all his books, and the work which in all probability will outlast any other from his pen.

A young man living in a Kansas town read Mark Twain's book. Mr. Paine was conducting a florist's shop at Fort Scott. He had the itch for writing; he had published, in collaboration with William Allen White, a volume of verses, and he had many manuscripts which later he took along with him to New York. In time he became a close personal associate of Mark Twain and the biographer and literary executor of that great American author. In the foreword to his two-volume work on Joan he writes:

"Thirty years ago I read Mark Twain's 'Personal Recollections of Joan,' and for me the Maid of France emerged from a land of myth and fable to become a reality. Reading and rereading that vivid story, I was prompted, first, to follow in person the footsteps of the Maid, then to seek out and set down the veritable historic sequence upon which that luminous and tender romance had been constructed. Time and change brought about the realization of this dream."

THE present work is the result. Mr. Paine concludes his foreword: "The story of Joan is the wonder tale of the ages and needs little embellishment. The facts alone are marvelous enough. My effort has been to present them, without bias and without neglect."

Nobody can read these two volumes, after having attained a fairly comprehensive acquaintance with the preceding literature on the subject, without feeling that Mr. Paine has done here exactly what he says he has done. He has presented, so far as seems humanly possible, the complete story of Joan. Mark Twain's book is romance, based strongly upon history. Mr. Paine's is history, drawn from the original sources and worked into authentic biography. He has handled an amazing mass of material "without bias and without neglect" and has made all of it luminous and vital.

The book carries its own marks of authenticity upon every page; and yet so skillfully, and withal so simply, has the author collated and arranged his facts and analyzed the motives and the emotions emerging therefrom that the whole out-comes like a wonder-story book—which in truth it is.

This one-time Mid-Westerner begins at the little brook which "flows through the garden of Jacques d'Arc, crosses the road, and just beyond it slips into the Meuse with a pleasant sound." It is the Brook of the Three Sources, which "holds a place today, it is said, in the memory of the people, because long ago it flowed by the birthplace of a little girl who only a few years later would change the destinies of France."

We are escorted by the author along all the roads traversed by Joan in her course from the Fair Tree at Domremy where she began hearing the Voices to the stake at Rouen where six years later she suffered martyrdom. We visit the houses where she lodged, and get descriptive glimpses, in most instances illustrated by photographs, of such of them as still stand intact or as historic ruins.

One is impressed by the fact that after five centuries there are so many contemporary structures which serve as memorials to the Maid. These survivals, such as dwellings, towers and bridges, help to bring the past near to the present, and when one surely did not, Mr. Paine associates them with her story one seems to be gaining only yesterday instead of into the early part of the fifteenth century.

OF many appealing chapters in this work one of the most thrilling is that which tells of the ride of Joan from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, where she was to meet the Dauphin whom later at Reims he caused to be crowned, Charles VII, King of France. A sorry King in sooth was he, a wretch of incredible ungratefulness who permitted the preserver of his kingdom to perish miserably at the hands of the English. "From Vaucouleurs I set out," Joan herself is quoted, "clad as a man, wearing a sword which the Captain had given me, without other arms. Accompanied by a knight, a squire and four followers, I directed my course toward St. Urbain, and found shelter that night at the abbey." Thus did she summarize the first stage of that long journey through winter forest and desolated field, in the midst of enemies.

"One hopes that she recognized the picturesque as well as the divine aspects of her mission," Mr. Paine writes. "She was 17, doing what girls in all ages have dreamed, riding at glorious adventures, a knight and squire on either hand. To wear the impossible dream had come true."

Now follow in detail the astounding incidents of the Maid's campaign against the English and the Burgundians, the capture of the city of Orléans, the siege of Meung, the raising of the siege of Orléans. "Glorious adventures," describes it, "but inadequately. Many of the exploits of Joan and her soldiers of France were well-nigh unbelievable; in fact, they have been disbelieved by many who hold for matter-of-fact acceptance or rejection, but our present author has drawn their historical foundation through documentary testimony not to be doubted."

The "trial" of the Maid after her capture, when for many days she appeared without counsel before no less than 60 hostile churchmen of keen intelligence, is recorded in detailed narrative form. All this is buttressed by evidence adduced at the Reims, 25 years later, and every item is analyzed with admirable skill. So runs the glorious yet tragic tale, to the condemnation and the burning, and through the centuries to the comparatively recent canonization of Saint Joan.

AFTER the martyrdom of Joan the fighting proceeded, but ultimately, as she had predicted upon the assurance of the Voices, the English were driven out of France. "The way was long but sure, France united, the France for which she had died, led by Richemont and Dunois, would never rest until she had cleared the invaders from her soil. Even Charles, the dauntless action, and before Pontoise is said to have commanded the troops in person.

"By a lonely roadside, far on the way to Cherbourg, is a small stone column which marks the site of the battle of Formigny, where on April 15, 1476, the English made their last stand in Normandy. Three years later they lost Guineau, English since the twelfth century. A single seaport, Calais, still remained to them, and that by sufferance. Joan had marched, and France was free."

The book ends on this pathetic note, describing the Old Market in Rouen, the place of martyrdom. "The English made their last stand in Normandy. Three years later they lost Guineau, English since the twelfth century. A single seaport, Calais, still remained to them, and that by sufferance. Joan had marched, and France was free."

The book carries its own marks of authenticity upon every page; and yet so skillfully, and withal so simply, has the author collated and arranged his facts and analyzed the motives and the emotions emerging therefrom that the whole out-comes like a wonder-story book—which in truth it is.

Albert Birelow Paine began his writing career as a minor poet, and in his crowning achievement has wrought some major poetry without doing violence to historic fact.



JOAN LISTENING TO THE VOICES.
Illustration from "Joan of Arc, Maid of France."

sources and worked into authentic biography. He has handled an amazing mass of material "without bias and without neglect" and has made all of it luminous and vital.

The book carries its own marks of authenticity upon every page; and yet so skillfully, and withal so simply, has the author collated and arranged his facts and analyzed the motives and the emotions emerging therefrom that the whole out-comes like a wonder-story book—which in truth it is.

THE further adventures of David, the charmingly in "Singing Feathers," by Theodore Acland Harper (Penn Publishing Co.). One need not have read the earlier book to enjoy this new one. At our first glimpse of David, he is a railroad train, en route to spend the summer with his Aunt Virginia at Smuggler's Cove. As he walked down the aisle, he "dodged an old lady who looked as though she wanted to pat him" and from then on we like David immensely. Kind, funny, blundering Aunt Virginia is presented as she appears to a child's eyes. Then there are Mickey, the keen little terrier; Dawn, the girl playmate; Uncle Toby, Scriggle-boggy, the fairy, also the mushroom on which they take marvelous trips, the Wind-Horse, the Dragon who changes his skin, and other characters.

Tommy Tucker's Stories, by Miss Bradford Warren and Eve Davenport (Doran), is illustrated by Charles A. Federer. And what a whopping big book this is, 261 pages and ever so many pictures. Many of these in full-page color. These latter are works of art which will appeal to grown people. Mother Goose and her friends are found in these little tales, where all the old favorites appear in new adventures. You will find Little Bo-peep, Little Miss Muffet, Jack and

Jill, Humpty-Dumpty, Little Jack Horner, the Happy Miller of Des Moines, Robin Hood, and just about a hundred others here. This book will be a lasting delight to the little ones.

Jeanne's Happy Year, by Alice Ross Colver (Penn), carries on the story of this delightful little French girl. As readers of the series know, Jeanne fled from France during the World War and was adopted by an American woman. The new book shows her at boarding school with three of her American cousins. There is plenty of fun and excitement in the story, intended for girls from 10 to 15 years old.

A Yule Fire Anthology. One of the season's most beautiful books is "Yule Fire" (Macmillan), an anthology of Christmas prose compiled by Marguerite Wilkin, who contributes a long and refreshing sort. This collection presents more than 50 poems and stories, many of them by recent or contemporary writers. Some of the older favorites are included. There are many lyrics and ballads between these kind and sweet little high writing tales, considering the poet's restriction to a theme frequently overworked.

THAT MAN MENCKEN!



And THIS is H. L. Mencken!

Reviewed by a Rotarian.

depressed democratic mob; in goes the Great Unwashed.

NOW at last we know who, or what, H. L. Mencken is; he is a poet in revolt against the mob. Incidentally Mr. Mencken is a bricklayer, though apparently in revolt against bricklaying. He has been five years building a brick wall, still unfinished, in his Baltimore back yard. But I know just why H. L. hasn't completed that wall: he has broken his bricks into bats to break heads with. That reddish reek you may see floating above the United States, particularly in the "Yokel" or "Peasant" regions such as Missouri and about 47 other States, is the dust from Mencken's brickbats, saturated with blobs of blood and decorated with hanks of hair from the cracked skulls of the mob unconscious that it is a mob.

We learn about the poetry and the bricklaying—but not about the bats—from Dr. Isaac Goldberg's well-bewildering opus, "The Man Mencken" (Simon & Schuster). The bats are a conclusion drawn from premises set down by Dr. Goldberg, who states on page 238:

"Just as Mencken is a poet fighting against his feelings, so, too, deep down in his personality, is a precursor combating the tyranny of knowledge. 'The American Language' is, from the psychological standpoint, a remarkable synthesis of the emotional and the intellectual spirit of H. L. Mencken. It is charged with the man's dynamism; it is a gesture of revolt and self-assertion magnified from individual to national proportions; it contains Mencken the 'feeler' and Mencken the scholar. Mencken the anti-patriot strangely blended with Mencken the American, in whom are to be heard overtones of an inverted patriotism. It is, in a phrase, Mencken the man, conflicts, contradictions, and projected against a continental stage."

BETORE passing to the truly interesting parts of Dr. Goldberg's most amazing and most engaging biography, I pause to asseverate that the few sentences just quoted strike me as being the best book review I have read anywhere about "the bad boy of Baltimore." Dr. Goldberg has knocked Mencken all to pieces, mopped him all up, and hung the reeking reconstructed—upon the front fence of the universe for all men's inspection. It is an extraordinary individual that we survey—with reservations. There's nothing extraordinary in a man's loving his old home town with a devotion far deeper than that of a Rotarian, as Mencken loves Baltimore. Nor is there anything extraordinary in a man's living a special brand of beer, as Mencken does and drinking it. Mencken does. The if you question this bunched all such into a unit, is that H. L. Mencken contradicts himself almost every time he writes an article—and gets by with it.

Concretely, we learn from this record that Mencken's bark is worse than his bite. For that matter, the man Mencken is essentially a barker, a speller. He stands just outside the entrance to his own sideshow and spells lustily.

"Step right up, gentlemen! Buy your ticket and step inside, gentlemen! Show's worth ten times the price! Greatest unnatural curiosity on earth! World's only absolutely free man inside! Eyewitness, free-liver, atheist, anarchist. Man Without a Country, Beelzebub, Anti-Christ, eat 'em alive!"

In goes the Reub, the yokel, the peasant, the Kiwanian, the Rotarian, the Methodist; in goes the

On the sideshow platform is a supercilious of the man Mencken, the speller. It has its hair parted in the middle and its lips parted in a grin. It is neither Anti-Christ nor Beelzebub nor any other of the curiosities the barker has promised—it is merely Mencken laughing at the mob, and at Mencken himself.

The Methodists are chiefly responsible for Mencken as the public knows him. When Mencken was a young newspaper writer, "free-lance" de luxe, the Baltimore Methodists called a mass meeting of protest and prayer. The Methodists prayed for Mencken.

Mencken's earlier chapters. We find that Mencken's father and grandfather of the same name were anti-religious. H. L. knew both of these personally. Back in Germany was a long line of ancestors he never met, but several of them meet today in H. L. Mencken. They are aristocrats, university graduates and professors, editors of high-brow magazines, a few of sharply individualized type. Grandfather Mencken and Father Mencken, who lived in Baltimore, were tobaccoists. H. L. himself rolled cigars and worked in his father's shop and office for three years. H. L. never got a university education, but he inherited from his ancestors several university educations strained through generations.

Mencken is having such a high old time in America. By rights he is a German feudal baron. By environment he is an ex-cigar-maker who lays bricks for pastime instead of playing golf or the ponies. Mencken is highly intelligent. Who wouldn't be, with all those university educations merged in the one man? He knows that he reeked of tobacco in the United States, and in the twentieth century. He was born about 250 years too late. But, being intelligent, he is not whining; he is grinning. Mencken is making the best of it, which is to his credit. He is playing the game of life as a game. Nobody wins, in the end, he believes. But there's a lot of fun to be had if one plays the game hard. Bear down hard on the hard pedal! Big noise!

If the Methodists hadn't prayed for Mencken he might have remained just a newspaper man with a local Baltimore following. But those prayers! They are the explanation of the terrific and horrific Menckenian howl now resounding over the rooftops of Tennessee and the rest of the Outlands. If the late Mr. Bryan has been a Methodist in the United States, Mr. Mencken still would be flailing the Bryanite wrath. This is not a wild guess; it is gathered, by inference, from Dr. Goldberg's book.

In this volume we have pictures of Mencken from many up. There is one of him leading the way into a newspaper alley bear parlor (licensed), and the smile on Mencken's face is worth the price of the biography. In the line of thirty cents following the leader is McKee Barclay, the cartoonist, who created "The Subconscious Mencken." This cartoon occupies a page in the book. Most Baltimoreans, we are advised, excepted it as an authentic portrait. The picture shows a broad-browed old fellow in specs, with an aspect most stern. Who knows but that, say 25 years from now when Mencken will be 79, this cartoon

Don C. Seitz Discovers 22 Uncommon

Americans and Puts Them Into a Book

DON C. SEITZ of the New York World, author of "Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters," "Artemus Ward," "Braxton Bragg," "The Buccaneers" and even a volume of bold-man ballads, has added another interesting book to his string. The newcomer is "Uncommon Americans" (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis), subtitled "Familiar Portraits of Men and Women Who Have Broken the Rules." Just why Mr. Seitz should dedicate this book "To Those Who Have Failed" is not apparent. There is nothing in the text to indicate that any of these 20 men or either of the two women—Susan B. Anthony and Mary Baker Eddy—was a failure in life. To the contrary, such stalwarts as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, Gen. Israel Putnam, Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, Col. John S. Mosby, Henry George—to name but six of the male list—surely did not fail. Their names are written rather conspicuously in American annals.

Even George Francis Train, "creator and crank," seems to have been a success. He enjoyed being a crank, and Mr. Seitz seems to have enjoyed writing him up. Perhaps the nearest approach to personal failure of any man of the 30 was H. R. Helper, "voice in the wilderness." He was an old-age suicide in an obscure rooming house in Washington, after a career rather remarkable. Hinton Rowan Helper of North Carolina, as he boldly inscribed himself on the title page, wrote "The Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet It" in 1857. His purpose was to awaken non-slaveholders of the South to their true interests; they stayed asleep, though Helper's book rivaled "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in sales. Helper's thesis was that slavery was heading the South toward economic destruction, and Mr. Seitz declares that he proved it clearly.

"While pointing out the inhumanity of slavery, and calling its practitioners harshly to account, Helper's real aim," says our author, "was the emancipation of the poor whites. This, he established, could not be done without destroying slavery." The book was written when Helper was only 27. He spent many years and much money upon schemes such as that of promoting a railway line to connect the three Americas, and killed himself when just under 80. One is amazed to learn that 144 editions of that forgotten book, "The Impending Crisis," were issued in the few years before the crisis came to a head in the Civil War.

Col. Mosby is described as "great guerrilla," which probably will cause many Confederate veterans to raise the point that he was not a guerrilla at all, but a partisan ranger, and, to be sure, a great one.

Of Nathan B. Forrest, "home-made General," Mr. Seitz presents a most appealing sketch, setting forth the remarkable military genius of this Southern cavalry leader; but one feels that perhaps the "home-made" of Forrest, as to his homespun personality, is not brought out as it should be.

Henry George is treated with sympathetic understanding. The great single-taxer's career was indisputably picturesque, despite its long periods of drabness; and as dedicated here we have a worthwhile picture of a man of remarkable force.

Every one of these 22 brief biographies is well worth reading. Other than those mentioned already, the subjects are Martin Scott, "who made the 'coon come down,'" Lord Timothy Dexter, who was not really a lord; Peter Cartwright, Charles Grandison Finney, Red Jacket, Tecumseh, Ethan Allen, James A. M. Whistler, "wit, wapping and butterfly," Edmund Fanning, Edwin Forrest, John Ledyard and David Crockett.

To the Editor of the Book Page. DON C. SEITZ'S recent book, "Uncommon Americans," has created interest among Lindenwood College students (St. Charles, Mo.). These girls have enjoyed determining the extent of their knowledge of the 22 individuals labeled as "uncommon." Through interviews, made by Miss Mary Chapman, a sophomore, it is found that several of those named are, indeed, "uncommon," yet the majority are more or less known on Lindenwood's campus. In some cases the names are familiar, but the exact works are a trifle hazy.

Susan B. Anthony leads the list as the woman known by most girls, out of those mentioned by Seitz.

Ethan Allen, capturer of Fort Ticonderoga, is well known. The preacher of the backwoods, Peter Cartwright, is not an utter stranger among the ranks, and someone recalls Henry George as a political economist.

They know of Timothy Dexter, and a chuckle is created at the mention of his high-sounding name for several students remember the story of this rich old merchant of Massachusetts who "assumed" his title. Brigham Young is remembered from his story studies.

Col. J. Seitz, inclined to the stage, is brilliantly enthusiastic over Edwin Forrest.

Indians always fascinate the American girl, and an Oklahoma student at Lindenwood boasts having secured a quotation from Red Jacket in her diary. Mr. Seitz mentions him as the great orator of his people. Another girl remembers Tecumseh from hearing her grandmother relate a story of his great grandfather's part in the battle where Tecumseh received his mortal wound.

An Exciting Tale Well Told. The late Ralph D. Paine was an athlete and war correspondent of considerable note, but he will be remembered longest for those books of his which have the salt flavor of the sea. He knew to sea and ships and sailors, and loved them well. Among the stories which Paine wrote for younger readers, none is better than "The Golden Table," issued recently by the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. The principal characters are three lively, likeable seniors at Yale. Shortly before graduation they discover, in an ancient volume of the college library, directions written on the margin long ago for finding a Spanish treasure galleon which sank with a table of solid gold, weighing more than 3000 pounds. Of course, the boys organize an expedition to find the wreck of that galleon. They then become involved in a war between two Central American countries and take part in some hot fighting. It is an exciting tale, well told.

Rahwodia, A True Romance of the South Seas, by C. Harold Smith (Appleton), is told in fluid, style and compresses a lifetime of experience in a few short months. Fahlwodia, the heroine, is a native Maori maiden in New Zealand.

THE CANDLE in the WINDOW

By MARGARET HILL McCARTER

The perfect Christmas gift need not be costly, but it should carry a message to the heart.

This appealing Christmas story touches a universal human chord. It is a masterpiece equal to the author's "Peace of Solomon Valley," and worthy of the pen of Charles Dickens.

It makes an ideally appropriate gift for young or old.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers



Bound, flexible, decorative binding, \$1.00

At All Bookstores

THE MIRROR OF PUBLIC OPINION

GRAFT IN MEXICAN OIL FIELDS.

OMAS F. LEE in the World's Work for December.

FROM Tepic and Panuco to La Brea (in Venezuela), the American oil operator has seemingly been compelled to use methods frowned upon in modern business practices in order that he cope with co-producers or international competitors. This applies equally to British and Dutch companies as well as to the American. The story of the oil business in Mexico, just as it was not necessary beginning in Mexico. In the latter country, it would appear that it is now to reform, for precedent and now to have firmly established a sacred right from which neither Mexican nor foreign operator will deviate.

It is seldom called by name—graft—but its essence and attributes are the same. The acquiring of concessions and leases involves the payment of a tribute; a company "fixes" the tortuous progress of importations through the custom house; graft enters in time as an unpleasant ally but necessary part of the game.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM. from the Kansas City Times.

HERE are perhaps 40,000 Negroes in Kansas City. They make up a considerable portion, approximately, 10 per cent, of the population. The welfare of such a large segment of the population cannot be separated from that of the community as a whole. The Negro must be either a liability or an asset, and he is certain to be the latter where he is not industrious. Whether he depends partly upon himself, whether upon the white people. For the Negro, most communities must look to other sources for the race as a rule are industrious. The Negro must be either a liability or an asset, and he is certain to be the latter where he is not industrious. Whether he depends partly upon himself, whether upon the white people. For the Negro, most communities must look to other sources for the race as a rule are industrious.

When the world began.

OLIVER LODGE says time began with the formation of nebulae 500,000,000,000 years ago. We dislike to disagree with such an eminent authority, but the good work will be lost in many industries and occupations no doubt there are areas where Negroes could be employed without the possibility of friction with other workers.

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WHEN THE WORLD BEGAN.

**With
Next Sunday**

Christmas of the Sunda

**National May Go It Alone,
American Does Not Concur
at Joint Session.**

**FLOYD FITZSIMMONS
SEEKS NEW CONTRACT
FOR DEMPSEY FIGHT**

**YANKS PAY \$100,000
A YEAR FOR SCOUTING**

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Baseball may add to the income of Ernie Nevers, Stanford fullback, who recently announced his decision to play professional football. Both the New York Giants and Yankees have made offers to him. His feats as a pitcher compare favorably with his achievements on the gridiron.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 19.—
Harry Gamble, a junior and end
on the Greenie eleven last night
was elected captain of the 1928
Tulane University football team.
Horace Turner was chosen alter-
nate captain.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19.—Walter Lauffer, local Y. M. C. A. swimmer, broke the world record for 200 yards backstroke here last night, when he covered the distance in 2 minutes 4 1-5 seconds. The former record, held by Johnny Weissmuller, Chicago, was 2 minutes 4 3-5 seconds.

by the Associated Press.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 19.—
Kansas City American Association
club will train at Lake Charles,
La., for the 1926 season. George
Muehlebach, owner of the club,
has announced.

by the Associated Press.
TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Dec. 19.—
The Salem (Mass.) High School
football team defeated Leon High
of Tallahassee here yesterday af-
ternoon, 44 to 7.

by the Associated Press.

The Associated Press
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 19.—The
Pittsburgh Pirates, through the
work of Mills, who scored two
goals, defeated a New York sextet
5 to 2, in a National Professional
Hockey League game here last
night.

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The People's Popular Want Ads Supremacy in Pulling Results!

77,461 Separate "Wants"
were printed in the
Post-Dispatch
During November

21,470 more
than were carried
by ALL the Other
St. Louis newspapers
COMBINED!

RESULTS Alone Are Responsible

Phone GARfield
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*Or leave the order with
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PRICE CHANGES
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R. 912.35 @ 12.40. Y. 912.4
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925 PAGE 15

KINGS
RIVOLI

LESLIE FENTON
GLADYS BROCKWELL
FOR ALL FROM 1 TO 60

KINGS ONLY
THE YULETIDE STORY
"SCROOGE"
An Adaptation of
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"
By Charles Dickens
Rivoli Only
Xmas Carol Singers

THEATRE
GRAND
MORGAN

BEAUTIFUL THEATRE

Enchantment
4100
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Seats

NUOUS 11 P.M.

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WARD &
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DOOLEY

ATINEE TOMORROW
LINE HOLIDAY BILL
TUN AND MUSIC
55 TALENTED ARTISTS!

vs. LISZT
DONALD KERR
& EFFIE WESTON
in "Stepping in Society"
with Dorothy Sierra

Pasquali Bros.
"Three Unusual
Men"

Main Floor and
Balcony
Children

DAY'S
PLAY
INDEX

ST. LOUIS AMUSEMENT CO.'S THEATERS

ARSENAL
Grand and Arsenal
in "I Do"

AUBERT
Arbuthnot and Easton
in "The Man Jack"

Cinderella
Cherokee and Iowa
in "That Man Jack"

Grand-Flor.
Grand and Florissant
in "That Man Jack"

GRAVOIS
Jefferson and Gravois
in "That Man Jack"

KING BEE
1710 N. Jefferson
in "That Man Jack"

Lafayette
1643 N. Jefferson
in "That Man Jack"

LINDELL
Grand and Hebert
in "That Man Jack"

MAFFITT
2812 N. Vandeventer
in "That Man Jack"

Manchester
4315 Manchester
in "That Man Jack"

Maplewood
7170 Manchester
in "That Man Jack"

Montgomery
1214 N. Montgomery
in "That Man Jack"

NOVELTY
3024 Easton
in "That Man Jack"

PAGEANT
5851 Delmar
in "That Man Jack"

Powhatan
Maplewood
in "That Man Jack"

SHAW
3914 and Shaw
in "That Man Jack"

Shenandoah
Grand-Shenandoah
in "That Man Jack"

TIVOLI
6350 Delmar
in "That Man Jack"

VIRGINIA
5117 Virginia
in "That Man Jack"

WEBSTER
1214 and Clinton
in "That Man Jack"

LAVENTHAL THEATER CIRCUIT

ASHLAND
3020 N. Newstead
in "That Man Jack"

MIKADO
1955 Easton
in "That Man Jack"

NEWSTEAD
4306 Lee Av.
in "That Man Jack"

O'FALLON
4026 W. Florissant
in "That Man Jack"

PLAZA
Clara at Etzel
in "That Man Jack"

UNION
Union and Easton
in "That Man Jack"

SOCIETY WOMAN
MANAGES THEATER



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, English society beauty and friend of the Prince of Wales, has just become the manager of a motion picture theater in London. She is the wife of the eldest son of Baron Grantley and is the first Englishwoman to occupy such a position. She is shown above at work in her theater, the New Gallery Cinema.

—P. & A.

FRENCH BURN
NATIVE VILLAGES



Rashaya, the Christian stronghold occupied by the Druses, where they massacred 20 Christians and besieged the Foreign Legion, was captured and relieved after an all-day battle. The photo was taken under the rifle fire of the Druses and shows the native villages, fired by the French, burning while the battle raged around Rashaya.

—P. & A.

FLORIDA MAKES LAND



One of the largest filling-in operations ever attempted. The huge pipe line leads from the second largest dredge in the world, which is busy pumping up the sand from the bottom of the inlet and through the pipe behind the breakwater, where it becomes part of the new causeway joining Tampa to Tampa Beach.

—P. & A.

"YOUNG BOB"
DRESSED UP

An especially posed portrait of Senator Robert La Follette Jr., the youngest man in the Senate, in formal attire.

—Underwood & Underwood.



STAGE
STAR IN
DOMESTIC
TANGLE

Elsie Mackay, wife of Lionel Atwill, actor and producer, has been served with papers in an action for divorce, naming Max Montenegro, until recently leading man under Atwill's direction, as co-respondent.

GIRL
SCOUTS'
BIRD TREE

Girl Scouts Troop 33 of the Community School, Wydown and De Mun avenues, has begun its annual winter task of keeping a tree in a field near the school supplied with shelled pecans for the birds.



The WIND-LOVER

by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER II—Continued.

FOR a moment the eyes of Madison Squire and the stranger met and held each other. A curious tenseness was in the air, Claire, alert and watchful, seemed instinctively to sense the antagonism between the two.

"Madison, who is he?" she whispered again, a little catch of excitement in her voice. Tell me his name.

At the sound of the low-spoken question, the curious spell that had befallen the girl's guardian seemed to lift.

"My dear, why such absurd curiosity?" He gave a little forced laugh. I assure you I haven't the faintest notion who your mysterious hero may be."

Then—how has he come here?" said Claire breathlessly.

"No doubt Sylvia—that over-hospitable sister of mine—has been bidding various prodigals."

There was a little silence, then, between the two—as unaccountable as the silence. For Claire, in her heart of hearts, was unconvinced.

She spoke again, urged on by Eve's inheritance, curiosity.

"Are you quite certain that you've never met him?" Her pretty eyes were raised appealingly to the man beside her.

"Really, Claire, you are much too childish! I've already told you once that I don't know him. Can't you understand the meaning of words?"

A quick flush rose to the girl's pliant little face. How hateful to be spoken to like that! Well, perhaps she had deserved it. She mustn't worry this stern-faced guardian any further.

With a crash and a long drawn-out chord the music stopped. The dancers drifted their various ways—to alcove, conservatory, supper-room, and promenade. And a group of young men who had been standing near the door hurried up to claim Claire's program, anxious to pay attention to the evening's debutante.

Their marked anxiety to find a place on her program flattered the young girl. Their compliments and their chatter entertained her vastly.

CHAPTER III.

Red Joe's Claim.

OUT in the moonlit garden of Madison Squire's big London house, with the light of music in his ears and a great, all-enveloping wonder in his heart, walked Jim Saunders, the unknown man who had caused such a flutter in the minds of at least two people at the ball.

But the young man's thoughts were very far from England. They had strayed some thousands of miles away across the sea—to a land of wide, open spaces, of vast, immensities—a land of fiery sunsets, of giant valleys, of snow-capped mountains—a land of beauty, of loneliness and privation, yet withal a land that gripped the heart, even in the midst of its loneliness.

The spell of it was on him. He had worked like a slave in that vast country to get the gold he wanted. And after ten long years, fortune—that rickle jade—had smiled on him. Jim Saunders, now, was in a land of untold wealth, was accounted rich.

He had come to England with a purpose, for the righting of a wrong. When he left Alaska three short months ago, it had seemed to him as though this special mission was a wild goose chase.

But tonight some curious freak of fate had guided him to the very man he sought!

"The world is small!" He thought of the none too original saying as he puffed at an excellent cigar.

How Madison Squire had changed in the last three years! Thought Saunders. Out in the Yukon he had been rough, unshaved, unkempt, long-bearded, heedless of appearance.

"Thieving evidently pays," Saunders grimly told himself.

Yes, there wasn't any doubt that Madison Squire had stolen a dead man's claim—and found fortune in so doing. Incredible that a man could do such things—for the dead man was "a pal." Out in the Yukon such crimes are reckoned unforgivable.

Red Joe had been beloved by all the bunch. An old-time pioneer, he had saved for nearly 14 years in the Yukon. At night, around the camp fires, when the silence of the great hills and valleys had grown overwhelmingly oppressive, Red Joe had sometimes opened his heart to them and told them of the little girl at home for whom he toiled his soul away out there.

"Her mother died when she was born, and so she's all I've got in the world," he had said proudly. "I want the kid's life to be easy—I'm going to make it so."

It was just six years ago that success had come to crown his efforts. It was just six years ago that he had died, the claim but half-exploited. With his dying breath he had entrusted it to Madison Squire.

"If you work it out, mate, my little girl will be rich beyond my hopes," he had whispered.

Shortly after the simple burial service Madison Squire had been mysteriously summoned home to England. His few years in Alaska had proved a dismal failure. "The bunch"—warm-hearted and generous—had even collected money to pay his passage home.



Then the news came that the claim was sold. And six years afterwards he—Jim Saunders—had discovered that Squire had appropriated the money for himself.

Indignation and a desire to right the wrong done to the dead man's little girl had brought young Saunders now to London. If only he had known the dead man's rightful name! "Red Joe" he was called in the Yukon—his real identity was known to none of them save Squire.

Red Joe had bequeathed some books to Jim Saunders, tattered old volumes that had seen much service. Among the leaves of them he had found a photo, already half-faded, of a slim little girl of perhaps 18. Not in the least did she resemble the old-time pioneer. Yet Saunders gazed at it, and lightly, that she was Red Joe's little girl.

He had kept the little picture with him for six years. Often he had wondered idly if he should ever meet the original! The small face that smiled at him from the faded print was oddly attractive.

CHAPTER IV.

A Little sound at Saunders' elbow broke in on his thoughts.

"Oh, is it really you?" said a girl's voice breathlessly. "I—I scarcely recognized you! How you startled me!"

Turning swiftly, he saw before him the pretty heroine of the morning's adventure, standing in the moonlit London garden, with a filmy scarf about her head.

He smiled a little grimly, and his glance wandered from her pliant, moonlit face to the open windows near the bedroom, from which issued sounds of music and laughter.

"You could really tear yourself away from there?" About his well-cut, declamatory mouth hovered a cynical smile. In his voice was a half-amused, half-baiting inflection.

Claire flushed—and even in the pallor which the moonlight caused, Jim Saunders saw the flush.

"You persist in classing me as a social butterfly?" A hint of defiance lay in her tone. "But I absolutely refuse to be catalogued and labeled!"

She tilted up her little face in the moonlight, smiling provocatively.

"I don't even know your name—strange man!" she added.

Saunders stared down at her as though he would read her very heart. How sweet and fair she looked, how lovable! Yet she was not of his world, and never would be.

"I hardly imagine my name interests you," he said a little stiffly—then cursed himself for a boorish idiot, and rode.

But the girl beside him seemed in no whit annoyed. She laughed again, her pretty, merry laugh, as she said quickly:

"But naturally I'm interested in all my guests. Don't you know that this is my coming-out ball tonight? I'm making my formal bow to the social world that you despise so utterly!"

Saunders cleared his throat.

"You must think me a blundering idiot," he said, and a dull flush rose to his sunburned face. "I was dining at the club with some fellows tonight, and they dragged me here."

"Against your will?" Amusement was in the girl's voice as she surveyed the powerfully-built young man before her. "The word 'dragged' implies such extreme reluctance on your part!"

"I'm sorry that I express myself so badly," Saunders was stammering now. This girl somehow made him feel so rough and unpolished in his ways. "I guess I'm really an outsider," he added rather bitterly, "and not a fit person for a girl like you to know."

"But if I want to know you?" Claire tilted her small face up, and a little gleam that was half-coquettish, wholly feminine, was in her pretty eyes. "What then?"

The heart of Jim Saunders, backwoodsman and gold digger, beat with a strange, exultant rapidity that was totally new to that evenly balanced organ. His eyes, too, were staring spellbound at the girl. Out in Alaska he had sometimes dreamed of a woman who would look like this.

"I—I guess I'd like to know you too," it seemed to him that though his own voice were that of a stranger. It sounded queer and strained. "My name's Saunders."

he added, "Jim Saunders—and I want to thank you for being good to me this evening—and—and I want to apologize for being rude to you."

"I—I guess I'd like to know you too," it seemed to him that though his own voice were that of a stranger. It sounded queer and strained. "My name's Saunders."

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Claire impulsively put out a hand and touched his quickly.

"I understand," she said. "You weren't really rude at all."

A tall, immaculately-clad young man came hastening across the room. At his approach the young girl sighed, as though she were vaguely reluctant to terminate this queerly enthralling tete-a-tete.

Saunders caught the little sigh and a quick maneuver sprang to his mind.

"Here—hide in here!" With one arm he swung the bushes back and with the other piloted Claire through the unexpected gap into a little clearing which held a rustic bench.

"Your dancing partner, wasn't he? He didn't see us—I don't think he'll find you here." Saunders took a long breath of relief as the bushes closed protectively behind them, and the girl, amazement and amusement struggling for mastery on her face, seated herself daintily on the wooden bench.

"For a strange young man you're extraordinarily dominating," she whispered. "You actually take my breath away!"

He sank down on the seat beside her.

"I want to talk to you," he said—and the queer, strained note was in his voice again. "I want to look at you."

The usually quick-witted, well-poised Claire felt tongue-tied as any bashful schoolgirl, and strangely at a disadvantage. This young man from the backwoods was so forcefully direct in his methods, so brusque, so unexpectedly frank.

"Why do you want to talk to me?" The words seemed dragged reluctantly from Claire.

Saunders drew a sharp, quick breath.

"Because," he answered, "a kind of longing is on me to find out if the rest of you—your brain and heart—matches the outside part of you. Or if you're only—He broke off, stammering.

"Whatever you are or aren't, it would be mighty easy learning how to love you," he added unsteadily.

Then before she could stir him, he had lifted her slim little hand to his lips and reverently kissed it.

A strange, wild thrill that was almost primitive in its intensity ran through the girl at the touch of Saunders' lips—a riot of feeling that somehow frightened her in its new uncharted depths.

But, true to training, she tried to crush it down. Quickly she withdrew her hand, and made a move as though to leave the little moonlit clearing.

"You—You aren't angry?" It was Saunders who spoke first.

"I think," said Claire, in a small and frosty voice, "that the moonlight has gone to your head."

The strange young man had risen to his feet and towered above her.

"Guess it wasn't the moonlight," he smiled so appealingly, yet so frankly disarming that Claire could not but relent.

"Listen," he went on, "I want to tell you something. For years I've been living out in the wilds, far off from women, following a lonely trail that kind of turned me on. It's led me into queer places, through desperate, relentless lands that I've hated—and yet loved. It's made me suffer."

"Evolutionarily he put a hand up to one cheek, and for the first time Claire noticed a curious scar there.

"That's a frost-bite—only a trifling thing," said Saunders, eyes crost the look of a man whose mind is gazing into far-distant places.

"The trail I followed was successful—and yet to me it somehow seemed a mirage. Do you get me?"

Claire shook her head. Her heart was beating uncomfortably fast.

"It was a mirage," went on the oddly attractive voice beside her, "because it isn't money that satisfies the heart—it's love."

There was a little silence then, broken at last by Claire.

"Why are you telling me all this?" she whispered.

"So that you may not be hit the wrong trail—may not be cheated of the best, the only thing that matters. The earnest tone in Saunders' voice was convincing. "You're young and—say beautiful—and life is just beginning for you—opening out for you. These worldly folk you live among—they'll urge you to make a 'desirable' marriage—to fling your youth and beauty and charm into the melting pot of gold! This city—every city in the world—is filled with loveless, miserable marriages. Can't you see them all about you?"

He caught her hand in a grip that hurt, so great was his earnestness. And through Claire's mind drifted a vision of Madison Squire, rich, eligible, well-bred, her suitor, emphatically "desirable," from the worldly point of view.

"My dear, don't do it! It's a sure gamble for misery. If you're lived in the wilds as I have done, you'd be nearer to the heart and meaning of life."

"Freedom—that's what you want—freedom to love the Right Man as a girl like you could love. Tonight, if I could only take you with me, far from this unreal, artificial crowd, out into the wide, free spaces where God meant man and woman to live and love."

His voice trailed off, and a hush fell over them.

Then, suddenly, there was a sharp rustling near at hand, and the bushes parted. Into the moonlit space stepped the tall figure of Madison Squire. The look on his face as he eyed Claire's companion was far from pleasant.

Saunders was the first to speak. "We have met before, Mr. Squire," he said, rising to his feet, and approaching the older man.

"Out in Alaska, on the night that Red Joe died—that was the last time I saw you."

To Be Continued.

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Fashion Suggestions From Paris



Left: Simple dance frock of white georgette. The short circular skirt is decorated with applique ivory leaves of silver lace. Center: Photo shows the French note in a front in the new color "Rose du Bois," but of similar material to the rest of the frock of navy blue cloth. Both the front and the dress itself are prettily decorated and embroidered in silk. Right: A pleated skirt of blue with a georgette jumper which has bracelets of silver galon. The coat is in blue cloth trimmed with fawn fur.

Despise Not the Rich

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB



SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

WE have heard a lot about "tainted money," and considerable condemnation of the man of wealth who does not seem to spend his money as some of us think he ought to spend it.

Yet, very often, if we were to know some of the things men of millions do, we should be generally kinder, we would not despise such men so much.

One of the only millions that I know of is that of a man who is a collector of art objects. The instruction and pleasure of the American people. The boon this will bring we need not realize.

For some \$20,000,000 worth of art treasures, which represents the best workmanship that the world has produced in its various forms, will be so settled according to these deeds. Also, we have a very valuable collection of art objects "for the instruction and pleasure of the American people." The boon this will bring we need not realize.

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Famous Fortunes

By BARBARA BAYNE

William Andrews Clark, the Montana "Copper King."

SOME of the things we know about William Andrews Clark's start in life are that he was born on a farm in Pennsylvania in 1839 and moved from there to an Iowa farm; that he was restless and ambitious, and started out to paddle his own canoe when he was about 18; that he caught the mining fever, and in 1862 went overland by wagon-train to Colorado.

After that his trail is fairly easy to follow. He joined the stampede to the gold camp, "Last Chance Gulch," in Montana. That was his first good chance, for the placer claim he worked, cleaned up about \$2000. Thinking merchandise offered a "quick turnover," he put his money into supplies and opened a store.

Clark gradually established other stores, secured two mail routes, and acquired several mining claims which became splendid producers. He bought a gold claim in his poorer days and was awindward. He took the thing hard. The man who accidentally discovered it was a copper mine of fabulous richness and all he could do to get Clark to listen to him.

While he went to New York and for awhile attended the Columbia School of Mines. There was a lot he wanted to know about "outcroppings" instead of trusting to haphazard luck.

There he formed a partnership with Donnell, and they established a merchandise business in Helena and a bank in Butte, the hub of the great copper region. Later, his brother, J. Ross Clark, joined his banking and other enterprises. W. A. Clark built the first stamp-mill at Butte and the first smelter of importance. Among his modern enterprises there is the street railway.

Of all his varied interests reaching from Maine to California, including mining, banking, merchandising, railroading, street railways, real estate, smelting, a stone quarry and a sugar plantation, the most important is the United Verde copper mine at Jerome, Ariz.

He was staked in 1880, but the discouraged prospectors gave it up. Clark finally bought it for \$20,000. To date it has produced more than \$200,000,000 in copper and gold, there are millions of tons of ore blocked out in sight. It is a family affair. W. A. Clark owns 97 per cent.

Happy he who far from business, like the primitive race of mortals, cultivates with his own oxen the fields of his fathers, free from all anxiety of gain.—Horace.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON

By HELEN ROWLAND

HOW long wilt thou cry, "Beware of the Widow! Beware of the Widow!"

Behold, it hath come to pass that in a world full of widows and knowing damsels, a WIDOW, alone, is simple and unassuming.

Then, fear her not, nor cast contempt upon her. For she is not the seeker of prey, but the prey, itself! Nay, she is a hunter, but the game—not the angler, but the "poor fish!"

Lo, every man knoweth that a widow is lonely and that her heart standeth wide open.

Every man knoweth that her heart is easily touched and her pocketbook easily touched by pity.

Every man knoweth that her heart is an empty shrine in a man may enter by the key of flattery. For her heart long been starved in the silence of matrimony; and a little ment goeth to her head like wine and maketh her dizzy.

She miseth the presence of a man in the house as a misadventure. She sighs for the sound of a key in the lock in the curtains and listeneth for the sound of a key in the lock.

She feeleth SO sorry for herself! Verily, a flapper may cheerfully paddle her own canoe as a widow is as a sailboat in the wind, without a compass or a rudder.

A flapper knoweth all the "lines" of men and can sail from the jolly. But a widow hath so long dwelt in the one man's life and the sound of one man's voice, that she is not appraised from real ardor nor a pink fib from her own experience!

A damsel that earneth her own money is no man's property; but a widow, unto whom the dollars have been given, "charity," may be any fortune hunter's treasure—and she and a fool and her money are soon parted.

Verily, verily, when a woman loatheth her husband, she is in Wonderland, who believeth all things and awaketh in new world.

Then, let not spinsters and damsels envy the widow, who is a man-trap and full of wiles and snares and blinding experience!

For, alas, it hath come to pass that a little widow is a "dangerous thing" but a "GOOD thing."

And at sight of her, the Fool Killer cryeth, "Ha, Ha, Ha!"

SELAH.

(Copyright, 1925.)

PHILOSOPHICAL PHRASES

An ill weed grows apace. —Chapman.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. —

DOUBLE PAGE FOR WOMEN

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH, MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925.

Paris



DO'S AND DON'TS —For— SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

By NELLIE E. GARDNER

Changing Hands.

AND one clerk: "If the boss liked to get off on Saturday afternoon as well as I do, I'll bet he wouldn't work."

Replied the other: "Yes, and if he liked to get off as well as I do, he wouldn't be boss."

How does it correspond with some of your own ideas? How many of us, whether we are handing out the payroll or being it, ever give much thought to the other man's viewpoint? It is easy enough to criticize the way our employer runs his business, but if he ran it our way—with holidays every other day, wages five times as big—how long would he have any business left?

One of the best suggestions for the dissatisfied in business—though we fear slightly impractical in our present economic system—would be for employer and employee to change hands for one week each. What revelations would come to both!

A new experience it would be for the employee to lie awake at night and ponder how he was going to make sufficient profits that he could meet the payroll. If the business was not paying temperately, where could he secure the necessary credit to tide him over?

And what a new experience it would be, also, for the old man who has been boss, to go home for supper, so tired that he couldn't sleep, to find the laborer feel if he ended his day's work looking forward to a quiet evening with his family and found instead upon him the key of the door and the key of the door to his clothes, to find him must cultivate for business reasons—and remain so until the night, finally reaching his bed so late that he would have to wonder what power could arouse him in the morning?

And how would the same laborer feel if he—wakened to the realization that international exchange, or the stock market, or crops in India, or oil in Persia, or one of the thousand possibilities regulate supply and demand, and prices had reduced the worth of his business by about one-half?

Let the employer of hundreds of business women change hands with any one of them some evening when the gong sounds dismissal. He would find it to stop at the kindergarten and take his youngest baby for the evening's romp, feeding, bathing, and playing and caressing? Would he consider it any great amount of time to spend two hours over one's laundry—however fine it is?

There is nothing like actual experience to breed tolerance and understanding. General changing hands would accomplish wonders. (Copyright, 1925.)

Are Novelists' Heroines Too Mercenary?

Testing the American Girl as Always Angling for
a Rich Husband Is Called a Libel on Life.

By WINIFRED BLACK

I read the novels nowadays, in fact in any day, one would think that marrying money was the rule rather than the exception.

There are these man-mongers, these money-mongers, these men who are driving their children into unwelcome marriages. But I'm glad that it isn't true, when you come down to real everyday people. Marriage for money is a rare occurrence in real life. Don't you think that is true?

(Copyright, 1925.)



WINIFRED BLACK

The idea seems to be one of ambition to get money into the hands of the members of the house.

Then, not to be too sure of all the blame on parents, the girls themselves scheming and night, year in and year out, marry some rich husband.

What girl, plain girl, bright girl, all engrossed with the idea of securing a rich husband. He may be old and decrepit. He may be young and unlovely. He may be any kind of a man, but money he must have, money to the novelist.

One of this picture is true, certainly, but it may be occasional. But is it possible that some of girls are themselves so much money, or that some parents who are so much money for nothing more than a son-in-law?

Then the shoe is sometimes turned on the other foot. Many a story of a girl who is the catching of a rich parent of a rich daughter or a girl who is going to marry for money.

How many matches which are made for money, either by the girl or by the young man, look at the marriages of the past, the great wedding of the past, the great wedding of the past, the great wedding of the past.

Place, the young people toward each other, they think little of going to live after

THE DATE TREE



Dec. 19, 264—1661 years ago—

Asoka, Emperor of India, is completing the first year of his reign. Far ahead of his times, Asoka was one of the most enlightened kings the world has ever produced. After one military campaign, he renounced the barbarity of war and for 23 years ruled from Afghanistan to Madras with bloodshed. He organized hospitals, well-digging, planting of trees, public gardens, gardens for the growing of medicinal herbs, a ministry for the care of backward races, a commission for the preservation of national literature and institutions for the education of women.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Keep the Lid On.

Always simmer pot roast, stew, etc., with the lid on, because the lid keeps in the steam. The action of the steam is almost as important as the hot liquid which cooks the meat.

The Wire Clothes Line.

Frequently a strand in the wire clothesline snaps. If this happens fasten the ends together and bind well with a strip of white cloth. The securely. This precaution will prevent the ends of wire from piercing some article of laundry.

Interesting Items.

Flatirons will heat rapidly if covered with a pan.

Broken egg shells will settle coffee and make it splendidly clear.

Old newspapers make fine cleaners for the greasy gas stove. Just rub the crumpled paper over the stove as you would a rag.

Small washable rugs add to the comfort of a kitchen during the winter months and take away the coldness of the linoleum.

A paste of cornstarch and water will remove a grease spot from wall paper. Let it remain on the spot until dry and then brush off.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state of principle in which you are: a transfusion takes place; he is you, and you are he; there is a teaching; and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit—Bergson.

Children's Bedtime Story By Thornton W. Burgess

Danger at the Dam

Though the way seem safe and clear
Danger may be lurking near.

—Paddy the Beaver.

PADDY was a very small Beaver when he learned that. It was one of the first things taught him by Mother Beaver, and all his life he has remembered it. He has taught it to his children, and he knows that they will teach it to their children. It must be at all times remembered and heeded by the Beaver who would live to a good old age.

Paddy had it in mind as he swam with his log, the very first of the new cutting on the shore of the new pond up the Laughing Brook, deep in the Green Forest. He was towing that log down to the dam. It would have to be dragged over this and then towed down the Laughing Brook to the old pond and the place where the food pile was to be. Behind Paddy swam one of his nearly grown children. He also was towing a popular log for that food pile.

As they drew near the dam Paddy became very watchful. While they were in the water there was nothing to fear. But they must climb out on that dam to drag those logs over into the Laughing Brook. There hardly was likely to be any danger then but you never can tell.

So Paddy did not at once climb up on the dam and drag his log out. He told his young son to wait. Then Paddy swam the whole length of that dam, using his ears and nose, as Mother Nature had intended he should. He discovered that Reddy Fox was sitting at one end of the dam, having run around there from the place where the logs were cut. Paddy had no fear of Reddy. Reddy wasn't big enough to be dangerous. In fact, Paddy was glad to find Reddy there. As long as Reddy was there no danger was to be feared from that direction. Reddy was afraid of both Yowler the Bob Cat and Old Man Coyote, and should either be about that end of the dam. Reddy would not sit there quietly as he was now doing. Paddy wished he could be as sure about the safety of the other end of the dam as he was about that end.

His eyes and his ears and his nose failed to find even a hint of danger, so Paddy decided that it was safe to go ahead and drag those logs over the dam. But that he might run as little risk as possible he decided that instead of dragging those logs across the middle of that dam he would do



She had looked up just in time to see Yowler the Bob Cat creeping out on that limb above her.

It was the end where Reddy Fox was.

By this time Mrs. Paddy and the other young Beavers had arrived with their logs. Mrs. Paddy sniffed when Paddy explained why he had delayed in dragging his log over the dam. "There isn't any danger here," said she. "You are silly. For goodness sake, how do you think Yowler or Old Man Coyote or Buster Bear could hide out on this new dam? It is too new and the top is too narrow for any enemy to hide on it. I am going to take my log over right here in the middle."

Paddy didn't have time to protest before Mrs. Paddy had scrambled out and begun to drag her log after her. Now, right close at hand was a tree which was one of the supports of the dam. You remember, I told you how Paddy had built that dam so as to make use of several trees. A limb of this particular tree extended out right over Mrs. Paddy. Just the faintest of sounds caused her to look up. The next instant she had

dived into the water, slapping the water with her tail, the Beaver danger signal, as she did so. What did it mean? Only that Mrs. Paddy had discovered that it never does to be too sure. She had discovered that she had made a great mistake, and she shivered as she thought how very near to losing her life she had been. You see, there was danger at that dam, after all. The tiny sound which Mrs. Paddy's ears had caught, causing her to look up, had been the faintest of scratches made by claws. She had looked up just in time to see Yowler the Bob Cat creeping out on that limb above her.

No one had thought to look up in the trees along the dam. Yowler had been waiting up there all the time. If it hadn't been that he had to change his position to get out on that limb very likely he would have caught Mrs. Paddy. As it was, she escaped. (Copyright, 1925.)

ODD FACTS

One person out of every 14 of Canada's population now owns a motor car.

Natives of Papua are, in most cases, very superstitious, and go in fear of witch doctors.

In 1913 England exported nearly 26,000,000 tons of coal; this dropped to 25,000,000 tons last year.

Coal mines to the number of 350, and employing 55,000 miners, have closed down since last November.

Ottawa, Canada's capital city is less than a century old, although it now has a population of 150,000.

Clear The Pores
Of Impurities With
Cuticura Soap
Sole, Olmstead, Tolson and everywhere.

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN

Women are fast replacing men as bell ringers in England.

Women in 31 countries have been granted full suffrage.

Mrs. L. W. Winkless of San Jose, Cal., is considered the world's fastest soda pop bottler, turning out 30,000 bottles in a day.

Miss Clara L. Morrow, former clerk to the Mayor, has been elected Mayor of East Palestine, O., being the first woman to fill the executive chair in that town.

Mrs. Ruth Zagat of New York operates a 250-car garage with the skill of a mechanic, being able to

make most any kind of an engine repair.

Telephone girls in Turkey have formed a union and already have put in a demand for a 50 per cent wage increase or they threaten to quit work.

Mrs. Mabel G. Reinbeck, only woman Collector of Internal Revenue in the country, with offices in Chicago, bosses about 700 employees.

More than 2000 Druse women have mobilized as a "vengeance corps" to fight side by side with their male compatriots against the French in Syria.



A Daintier Lunch
could not be imagined!

Tasty Cocoa and Delicious Chocolate Cake

BAKER'S
Cocoa and Chocolate

Delightful foods and beverages of high quality, pure and healthful

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

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Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

A Steelcraft "Bull Dog" Dump Truck Offered FREE to Boys and Girls for Fifteen New Subscriptions to the Daily Post-Dispatch

Terms of the Offer

15 Subscriptions Are Required, each for a term of six months. Subscriber to pay the established delivery rate of 50 cents per month. No extra credit for longer term subscriptions.

New Subscriptions Are Required from persons not now reading the Daily Post-Dispatch, whether purchased from newsboys or newsdealers or delivered by carrier.

DAILY Subscriptions Are Required.—Subscriptions for the Sunday Post-Dispatch will not be credited, but you may, as a matter of convenience, if desired, accept a subscription for both Daily and Sunday editions.

VERIFIED Subscriptions Are Required.—We investigate the validity of the order and the subscriber's responsibility and reserve the right to accept or reject any subscription order at our option.

RESTRICTED DISTRICTS.—Subscription orders will not be accepted under the terms of this offer for delivery within the St. Louis district bounded as follows:

Mississippi River on the East
Grand Boulevard on the West
Cass Avenue on the North
Chouteau Avenue on the South

Nor within the East St. Louis district south of Missouri and west of Twentieth Street.

Any Boy or Girl May Earn a Steelcraft Truck

Offer is open to boys and girls of all ages who are not identified with the sale or distribution of the Post-Dispatch, and who live within the St. Louis city carrier delivery limits, including East St. Louis, Edgemoor, Belleville, Venice, Madison and Granite City, in Illinois, and Maplewood, Webster Groves, Kirkwood, Overland Park, Ferguson and Florissant in Missouri. Boys and girls who live in other towns and cities where the daily editions of the Post-Dispatch are sold and delivered by local newsdealer, may take the Enrollment Blank to the local dealer and obtain necessary supplies and instructions, or mail the Enrollment Blank to the ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH, Circulation Department, St. Louis, Mo.



SIZE OF CAR—45 inches wide by 61 inches long.
SIZE OF BODY—44 inches high, 14 1/2 inches wide by 5 inches deep.
CAPACITY—One-tenth of a ton (100 pounds).
CONSTRUCTION—Frame of heavy channel steel fenders, hood, radiator and cow, seat and body of heavy stamped automobile steel.
THE SPECIAL SPRINGS (of a real truck design) are of a highly

tempered steel permitting exceeding ease in operation as well as ease in riding qualities.
FINISH—The radiator, hood, cow, seat, body, wheels and all working parts of truck are finished in hard baked enamel.
EQUIPMENT—The pedals are adjustable for from 5 to 10 years of age.
WHEELS—13-inch double disc with contained roller bearing and 1-inch rubber tires. Hoamatched red with yellow stripings.

Bring or Mail This Enrollment Blank to the POST-DISPATCH

Send instructions for getting a Steelcraft "Bull Dog" Dump Truck without paying or collecting any money. I promise to abide by the requirements of your offer. I understand, fully, that all orders are subject to your acceptance or rejection. I will not tender orders from persons who now read the daily Post-Dispatch—whether purchased from a newsboy, news-tand or carrier. I am not identified in any way with the sale or distribution of the Post-Dispatch.

Name
Age
Address

OF MRS. SOLOMON LEN ROWLAND

ery, "Beware of the Widows! For the hunters of husbands!"

to pass that in a world full of wise WIDOW, alone, is simple and unsophisticated.

er cast contempt upon her. For the prey, itself! Nay, she is not the angler, but the "poor fish!"

with that a widow is lonely and the open.

that her heart is easily touched by easily touched by pity.

that her heart is an empty shrine, the key of flattery. For her vanity silence of matrimony; and a little like wine and maketh her dizzy.

presence of a man in the house as she. She sighs for the scent of cigar smoke and the sound of a key in the lock.

y for herself!

ay cheerfully paddle her own canoe; in the wind, without a compass or a rudder.

all the "lines" of men and can gift the widow hath so long dwelt in the shadow of one man's voice, that she has no ardor nor a pink fib from honest man.

with her own money is no man's Florida. To whom the dollars have been doled out as fortune hunter's treasure—and his they are soon courted.

a woman loathes her husband, she is leaveth all things and awakeneth in a

ers and damsels envy the widow, saying of wiles and snares and bluishness.

ome to pass that a little widow is not at a "GOOD thing."

r, the Fool Killer cryeth, "Ha, ha!"

SELAH.

(Copyright, 1925.)

PHRASES

If a man could have half his trouble he would double his trouble.

Franklin.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Shakespeare.

Any man can make a fool of himself.

None but a fool will sit under a tree and think of the future.

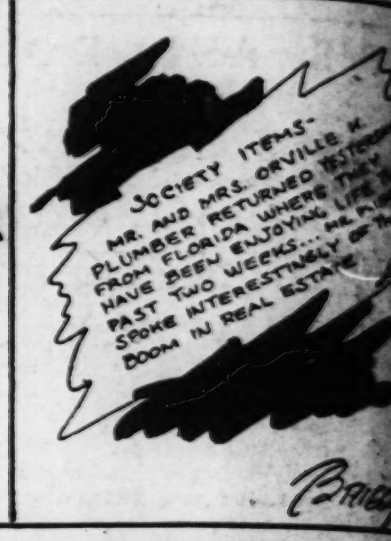
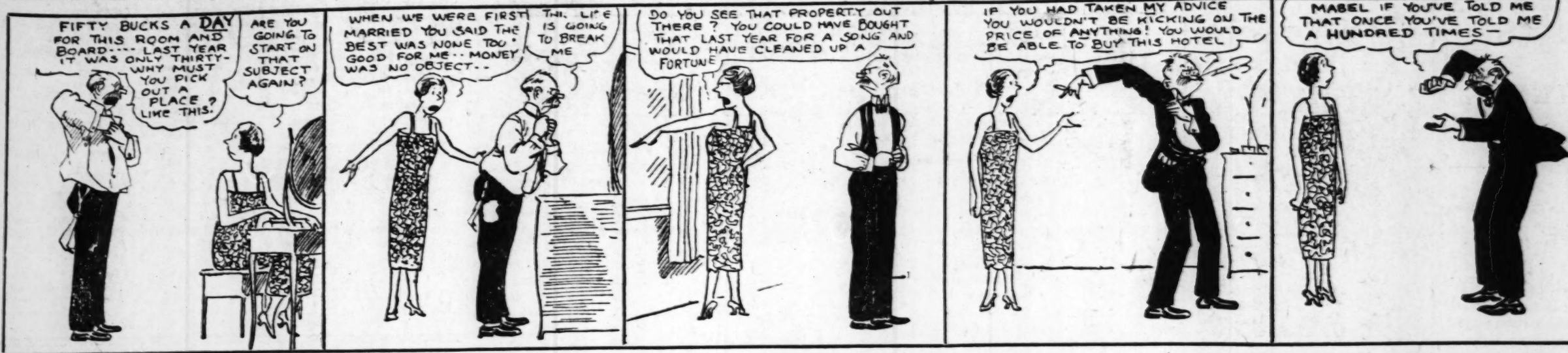
Alcott.

MOTHER!

Hours of wholesome entertainment, amusement and education for the junior members of your family will be found in the Boys' and Girls' Magazine Section of the Sunday Post-Dispatch—every Sunday.

Get it for Them

SECOND HONEYMOONS



THE CASE OF JACK DANIEL

THE hyphen lends distinction, many claim, To persons who are seeking social fame; While it isn't hyphenated, We have often heard it stated, That "Jack Daniel" is a siphonated name.

The name, in which a derivation lies, Was taken from a pair of famous guys; One, a noted lion tamer, Than whom none of them were gamer, While the other climbed a beanstalk to the skies.

But, in a bonded warehouse Jack was trapped, And for the heebiebies he was tapped; Then some profiteering slicker Added water to his liquor, Until all of his vitality was sapped.

"Bad Liquor Kills 511 New Yorkers in Year," Indicating that Demon Rum still has a punch.

The three Denver banks that closed in one day were long on "frozen" assets but short on cold cash.

The Yankers have decided not to send any star ballplayers to Hot Springs next spring. Hot Springs and hot dogs don't agree with Babe Ruth.

If they want to do any boiling out they can do it at their own expense at the local Turkish bath.

"Illinois Blackmailers Given One 20 Years."

We take it those blackmailers will now obey the letter of the law.

The man on the sandbox says the Cube were Keen for Conney.

"Jury Verdict Exhausted in Rum Plot Hearing."

Some of those rum cases would make anybody tired.

Washington U. is determined to shake the name of "Pikers." Might compromise on "Ikers" in honor of Joe Bowers' brother like who hailed from old Missouri and the good old County Pike.

We usually outgrow such school nicknames as "Skinny," "Red," "Freckles," etc., but "Pikers" has become so deeply rooted it looks as though the medical department will have to resort to the knife.

The name of "Valley Forge" might inspire the team to forge ahead and win the Valley Conference title.

If the name of "Pikers" is liable to misconstruction, why not go to the other extreme and call them "Prodigals," and maybe they would pull a comeback.

MUTT AND JEFF—ACCORDING TO BARNUM, JEFF HAS A CHANCE—By BUD FISHER

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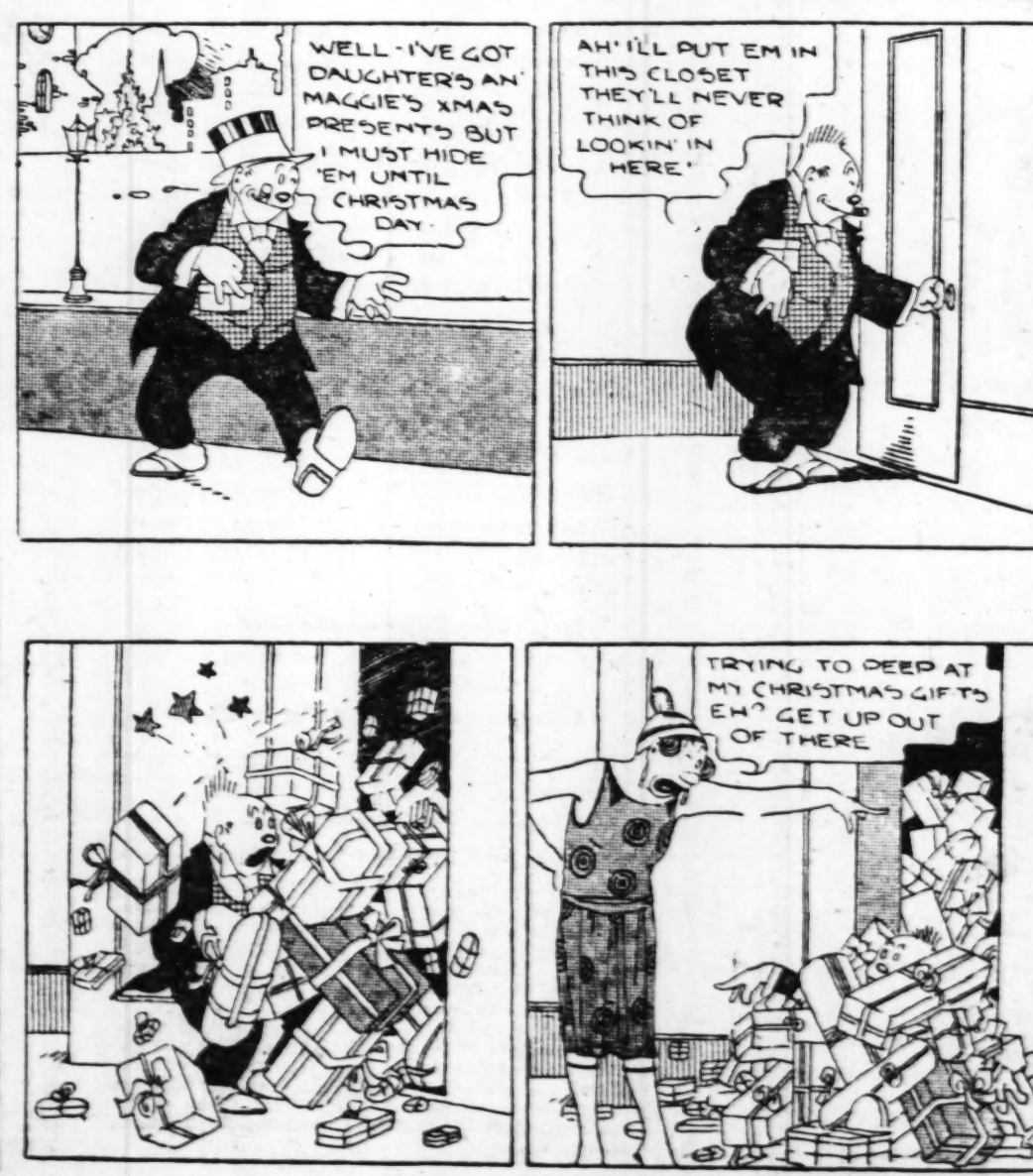
SOUP AND FISH—THE SATURDAY NIGHT SHEIKS—By RUBE GOLDBERG



KRAZY KAT—By HERRIMAN



BRINGING UP FATHER—By GEORGE McMANUS



THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG—By FONTAINE FOX



CHANCE OF ESSEN AND LEM MOTLOW ESCAPING TRIAL IN JACK DANIEL CASE

emus a Temperamental Witness and Perhaps Government Cannot Hold Him in Line to Testify.

DIDN'T TELL ALL AT INDIANAPOLIS

Carefully Handled Both by Prosecution and Defense—Further Action Up to Washington.

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON.

STAFF Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 19.—As appeared today a grave possibility that former Congressman and distiller, Lem Motlow, Tennessee, and the remaining defendants in the Jack Daniel whiskey conspiracy case may never come to trial, or come under circumstances highly favorable to them.

District Attorney Albert Ward, Assistant Attorney-General John B. Marshall, who had charge of the prosecution which resulted in the conviction of 23 defendants and pleas of guilty from three others, said today that it was his intention to bring the remaining defendants to trial, if possible. The case will be submitted to the Department of Justice at Washington, and Ward unquestionably will press for action. However, there are circumstances which may be beyond his control.

The principal witness against Motlow was convicted last Friday. The witness next in importance was very "Bey," Remus' chauffeur. Other witnesses included men who formerly were members of Remus' organization in Cincinnati. Whether Remus or these men would be available as witnesses when the remaining cases are called, appears to be somewhat doubtful. Without them, the Government's case would be exceedingly weak.

Testimony Against Essen. It will be recalled that the principal testimony connecting Essen with the conspiracy to "milk" the warehouse was given by Remus himself, who said Essen was the man he consulted in St. Louis. Essen took him to Nat Oldstein, who declared that he could guarantee the co-operation of the conspirators for "protection."

Motlow, Henry Dahman and Hetterman were the original owners of the whiskey. They sold the company organized by Remus and his St. Louis associates. All three were indicted. A few days before the trial began here, United States Commissioner in Essen held that sufficient cause had not been shown against Essen, and refused to order their delivery at Indianapolis. Given a little time, there is no doubt in the minds of the prosecutors that Essen can be found to get them here. There was not time enough between the Commissioner's action and the opening of the trial.

The discovery that Essen would be present also was made a few days before the trial began. Essen was present at the trial, and his testimony on the threat, and physician testified that he was unable to attend.

The remaining five men, who never been arrested, are George Holts, Frank Hoffman, Edward Stone and Thomas McQuinn, whiskey runners, and a night watchman of the warehouse, known only as Houlihan.

Didn't Tell All He Knew. When the tumult and shooting died last night, a remarkable story became known concerning the circumstances which surrounded the testimony of Remus. While he was actuated to testify partly by the fact that he believed the Louis crowd had double-crossed him, and tried to send him back to prison, the Government also was able to exert pressure to hold him. Other indictments are pending against him.

Remus, however, is notoriously temperamental. His occasional outbursts of temper caused Assistant Attorney-General Marshall no end of anxiety. He had to handle the star witness with kid gloves, and even then was never